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## FRAGMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR.  
What is this fair New Year?  
A flower that drops from the bier  
Where the Old Year lay, ere Time bore him away  
To the Ages' tomb—with a tear.  
—Unidentified.

IN OLDE ENGLAND.  
This is New Year's day,  
Wherein to every friend  
They costly presents do bring  
And New Year's gifts do send;  
These gifts the husband gives his wife,  
And father eke his child,  
And master on his men bestows  
The like with favour mild.  
—Old Song.

WHERE IT BEGINS.  
Oh, not when winter comes, through fields of snow,  
With half worn shoes the new year begins;  
But where the streams of life unfettered flow,  
And blossoms o'er the sunlit meadows blow  
The fragrant hope that straight our credence wins.  
—Philip O'Sullivan.

## HIS GOOD LUCK.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WITH THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN IT.



WE HAD been talking about the turn of fortune which comes to some people with the New Year. Dr. Mason, the oldest man in the room, said: "I will tell you a story worth writing and printing. I see that it is now the fashionable thing for men and women who have made a little stir in the world to tell all about the books which influenced them and the incidents which turned them into the highways which led to fortune or to fame. Well, I am not famous, thank heaven, but perhaps the experiences of a man who has escaped fame may not be without use to somebody. I have always believed in luck. I don't attempt to justify my belief. I know that I can't hold my ground in argument against those who say there is no such thing. I only know that I believe in it. The superstition was born in me. There is a proverb in the Castilian tongue which says: 'He who expects good luck will surely get it.' I read that before I was 12 years old, and at once put faith in it. It confirmed the hope within me that the future held something exceptionally good for me. Perhaps each one of us has that feeling, but not everybody evolves it into a faith and regularly lives by it. I did.

I had a dreary childhood, a difficult youth and a struggling early manhood. That proverb helped me to go through everything with courage. Usually I hated proverbs. My father had a stock of very disagreeable ones which he showered upon me at all seasons and hours. "They who know nothing fear nothing." "Birds that fly high light low," and others of equally discouraging power were ever on the end of his tongue. But the proverb that promised good luck simply because one expected it was both balm and inspiration to me.

When playing with other boys and trouble of any kind was imminent I always took the most cheerful ground, and assured them that everything would turn out all right. And I was terribly in earnest, too. I felt that all would go well somehow. The result was that every one took hope and met difficulty and danger as his master, not his victim. The boys soon learned to depend upon me for strength and encouragement, and they stuck to me with romantic devotion. I learned then the wonderful influence one mind can have over others when it recognizes no such thing as fear. Call it superstition, foolishness, what you will; but my faith in that proverb was something marvelous. I will admit, however, that I am of a credulous nature. When I was young I believed every assertion I ever heard or read. I was not a questioner or doubter. If a man asserted something I believed him because I supposed that he knew, else he would not assert. It never occurred to me that he might lie. Being honest myself I believed in the honesty of others.

I lived in the country and I longed to live in the city. My parents were well to do; but it was the custom of that locality to live simply and bring the children up to work. Mental accomplishments did not take high rank in the circle in which I moved for the first fifteen years of my life. I wanted a better education than I was ever likely to get. Somehow I fancied that I would get it, though I could not see how. The holidays always carry me back in memory to some of the main events of my life. I believe that fortune has a habit of making extraordinary changes when the Old Year goes out and the new one comes. At least it has done so more than once in my case; and that is why I now tell this story to you younger people, who naturally think of new leaves of many kinds in connection with the New Year.

I was only 15 years old when one bitter winter I took a contract to chop a large quantity of cord wood. It was one of the few ways boys had in that locality of earning a little money. It seems like a rough way to me now; but we did not think so then. I was up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and by 6 had had my breakfast, and was in the woods sending the echo of my strokes far over the hills. I was working for a purpose. The winter's chopping would give me money enough to start in a small business upon which I had set my heart. It was nothing less than to buy out a tin shop at "The Corners," the nearest village. In imagination I saw myself a "store keeper," at once a person of dignity in the community and highly satisfactory to himself. I soared even higher than that. I saw myself living in a fine house, growing elderly, pompous and fat, and in all probability president of a bank, like Judge Johnson, for whom I turned off the sidewalk every time I met him at "The Corners," as every other youth did, because he was so rich and important.

New Year's day found me in the woods, chopping away as usual. Holidays were not observed in that community, and festivities were as rare as angels' visits. An extra piece of pie in my lunch pail and a bit of something unusual for supper were all that marked the day from all the other crisp, cold winter days. But I thought of its being New Year's, and dreamed my dreams while I made the ax hum. The luck I expected out of that winter's work I could scarcely put in a small kingdom. While I was dwelling upon this interesting theme something snapped far above my head, there was a crash, some blinding flashes of light, and then—I was nowhere, at least consciously.

A heavy limb of an old dead tree had broken and fallen upon me. When I "came to" I found myself hurt and somewhat frozen. I dragged myself home only to take to my bed for the remainder of the winter. Such a winter as it was—so bitter and hopeless that at times I almost lost faith in my good luck. I couldn't finish my contract of wood chopping, and so the tin store vanished.

In the spring I was able to be about once more; but thin, pale, weak, and with a bad limp. The doctors said I would never be strong again. This was terrible news to me. Alas! for the good luck I had expected. And yet it came, though not as I had planned. It has a way of doing that, I have noticed.

In the early spring Uncle Zeph came to see us. He was a kind hearted, unselfish man, and he took an interest in me.

"Why, the boy isn't able to do hard work. He must be sent to school and to college," he said, after he thoroughly understood the situation. But my father winced and said nothing. Education was but little respected in those parts.



SENDING THE ECHOES OF MY STROKES.  
"What else can be done with him?" asked my persistent uncle. "The boy has a good head. There's something in him. Give him a chance. You surely wouldn't force him to live his life without resources and tools with which to aid himself. It's a shame."

At last it was settled that I was to receive a thorough collegiate education. Uncle Zeph, who was childless, paying half the cost of it. Here was a piece of luck, indeed; better even than anything I had expected. It quite renewed my faith in my only proverb. And it had all come out of what I had deemed a stroke of the hardest kind of luck. Take courage, then, all of you, and don't think because you can't see light ahead of you that there is no light.

Well, I was graduated at last from one of the best colleges. After that I took a medical course and went to what was then considered the far west, Indiana, to practice. Patients came slowly, but I expected good luck, as I had learned to do, and had patience, if no patients.

I was just beginning to be a little known when I fell in love. The young lady who had effected this state of my emotions was Miss Alma Adams. She was very handsome. She had the dark eyes I am so fond of, and a placid, unemotional manner that I greatly admired. She was not rich, and I was rather glad of it, because I wanted to win her and to do everything for her myself. I think a man who is a man ought to feel that way. I was very much in love with her, and I thought that she felt more than kindly to me. But I wasn't sure. She was a queer girl. One could never tell of what she was thinking. I put off learning the actual state of her heart until I saw my way clear to a decent practice. In short, till I put some money in my purse.

Miss Adams' parents had in the family a niece about Alma's age, a plain little body, who was somewhat deaf and, therefore, something of a bore to a selfish young fool like me, who had only eyes and ears for the girl he adored. But Laura, this cousin, was good if she was exceedingly plain, and the girls were very fond of each other.

At last my unspoken love became almost a burden. I thought of but little else than Alma. Rivals I had, to be sure, but none whom I really feared. Young Wilcox, son of the richest man in the growing young town, hung around her constantly; and George Carey, a middle aged swell from "the east," was also devoted to her. But I was not afraid.

One evening as I parted from her my manner betrayed more tenderness than I had meant to express, though not more than I felt. In thinking of it afterwards I was happy in remembering that Alma had not seemed surprised or annoyed at my expression of feeling. "And she must have understood," I said to myself. As I walked to my lodgings I determined to tell her outright that I loved her, and ask her to marry me the very next month. The next day I was called away to the bedside of my dying father, and did not return for two months. Then I was a comparatively rich man, with my share of his estate. That is, rich for that time, not for the present.

I returned to Crestfield on New Year's day. I lost no time in going to see Alma. Visions of this moment of happiness had filled my

mind for days. I met Laura just coming out of the house. Full of childish delight at



"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT, DR. MASON?" being once more so near the little home circle which held my happiness, I rushed up to her and held out both my hands, saying: "I am so glad to see you. I shall be grateful if you are half as glad to see me."

Her eyes opened wide, with a look that was part pleasure and part astonishment, blended with deprecation. She had the appealing eyes which so often belong to the young who are afflicted with deafness. Something in her look told me that she had not really understood my words, but was honestly glad to see me. So I rattled on telling her how much I had thought of all of them while I had been away, still holding both her hands in a hearty clasp.

"I wish you a Happy New Year and many Happy New Years," I said finally. "Your welcome makes me very, very happy. Now, let us go and find Alma."

"Do you really mean it, Dr. Mason?" and she looked up at me with a strange, yearning expression on her plain face, which was flushing with red, like an early morning sky.

"Mean it! Mean it every word, with all my heart," and I held her hands tighter than ever in my enthusiasm. "Now let us find Alma, for whom I have what I hope may be glad tidings."

She smiled, and her smile was very sweet, although she was so plain. I noticed, too, that her eyes had a strange light in them which made them resemble the eyes we sometimes see in dreams, which speak so much more meaningfully than do those we see in our waking hours. This light was the light of joy and nothing else. One does not see it often in woman's eyes. Sometimes only once in a lifetime.

She slipped her arm in mine and we walked into the house down the wide, old fashioned hall to the sitting room.

"Alma, dear," said Laura, as we opened the door and the tall, dark eyed goddess of my heart arose and came towards us, "Dr. Mason says I have made him very happy, and he wants to tell you of it at once, and so do I."

The goddess glanced at both of us, a faint pink color coming into her white cheek, and smiled at us as she would have smiled at two children, while I was longing to take her in my arms and tell her that I adored her. Instead of greeting me, or giving me a chance to greet her, she bent and kissed Laura, and then turned to me, saying:

"You have won the sweetest heart in the world, Dr. Mason. I congratulate you. I know that you will return an equal amount of good wishes when I tell you that I have promised to marry Mr. Carey. We will be married next month and go to New York to live at once."

I stood, as the novelists say, "rooted to the spot." The whole scene seemed unreal. I, who a few moments before was full of joyful anticipation, now found myself engaged to marry a woman whom I did not love, and hearing the woman I did love tell me that she was soon to marry one of my rivals. At first I could not understand what Alma meant. I thought that she and Laura were enjoying some joke too obscure for me. At last the beaming look in Laura's eyes enlightened me. She, being somewhat deaf, had mistaken my warm greeting for a declaration of love, and responded affirmatively.

With Laura's arm still within mine I walked to a sofa and sat down, she by my side. I had not uttered a word since I met Alma. Speech had utterly forsaken me. And, indeed, what could I say? Could I tell the trusting creature by my side that it was all a mistake; that she had misunderstood me; that I did not love her; that I loved her beautiful cousin? No; I was too shocked and dazed to do anything but sit there in silence, with the perspiration standing in cold drops on my face and my eyes staring vacantly ahead of me. I think I could have spoken had it not been, that Alma stood before me looking placid and even happy in telling of her engagement to Mr. Carey. I accepted the situation in desperation. The whole face of life had been suddenly changed for me and I saw nothing but gloom ahead.

I thought myself a strong man, but is it any wonder that I wept like any child on my pillow that night? What a New Year's that was! Whither had my expected good luck gone?

I put the best possible face on my misery and went on in the dismal path fate had marked out for me. Since I could not have Alma, what did it matter whom I married? Ugly little Laura would do as well as any woman. It was fortunate that she expected no extraordinary demonstration of affection from me. Truly I could not have given it. My heart seemed frozen or dead. Yet I



## I TOLD HER THE STORY.

could not help seeing that she seemed quietly happy. Her plain face actually began to glow with new life, and there were times when she looked almost pretty. It occurred to me that I might forget my own misery by trying to make her happy. The idea was a spark from the mind of infinite love, for it brought a kind of peace to my sick soul.

I threw myself into the role of promised husband with all the energy I possessed. I suggested that we should be married on the same day that was fixed for the wedding of Alma to Mr. Carey. I can assure you that in those weeks I demonstrated, to myself at least, that I had something of the heroic in my nature.

Well, we were married. Alma and her husband went away, and Laura and I "went to housekeeping," as they say of newly married folk. I did my best to give Laura no cause to suspect that I was unhappy. The quiet happiness which shone day after day in her face became a joy to me. It even rebuked me, too. It was plain that she loved me devotedly; and she was so unselfish in her love, so wise, so sensible that I soon found myself admiring her. In the wish to do everything possible for her in order to recompense her for the love I did not have to give her, I thought of trying to remedy her defective hearing. We went to Philadelphia for that purpose. The best aurist in the city made an examination and at once assured us that the trouble was caused by a slight obstruction which would yield readily to simple treatment. In two months Laura returned perfectly cured.

Then I began to notice what a very bright woman my wife was, and she seemed to grow sunnier and sweeter every hour. In less than six months I loved her a thousand times more, it seemed to me, than I had ever loved Alma. When I began to realize a blessed Fate over and over again for giving me my own, even through such incomprehensible ways, "I might have known it," I said to myself. "I always expected to have happiness in my home, and I might have been sure of it, although the light refused to shine for awhile."

At the end of a year I was so infatuated with my lovely little wife that I told her the story of how I came to marry her. That she regarded as the best possible proof of my love for her. Then she confessed to me that she had loved me almost from the hour when she first saw me, but had imagined that I cared for Alma. Yet when I met her on that New Year's morning with such extraordinary cordiality her heart rather than her reason caused the misunderstanding. Yet she declares to this day that what she seemed to hear was, "I love you. Come and let me make you happy all the days of my life." Perhaps my wiser self spoke to her in some silent, backward way and I knew it not. At all events I am grateful that she thought she heard these words if I didn't say them.

I did not see Alma for five years. Then I wondered how I ever could have loved her. She was still beautiful, of course; but devoted to a life of fashion and show, and was not at all the woman I had imagined she would be. She never knew how she had figured in the romance of my life.

You see, I always expected good luck and always got it, but not always in the way I had expected. After my blundering marriage turned out so well I never doubted my Spanish proverb again. It has never failed me throughout my life, and I will be eighty in December. If I were to preach a sermon to young people every day in the week, I think the concluding sentence would always be: "Expect good luck and you will get it." If I could send a New Year's message to every soul on the earth it would be to expect the good. Put it on your New Year's cards. Write it in your letters. Tell it to the little people. Keep it ever in mind. Believe in it and live by it. The true philosophy of life is in it. "Expect good luck and you will get it."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

The year is dead! Oh, so! oh, so!  
The year still lives! oh, no! oh, no!  
The rain and wind have ceased, and so  
Long live, New Year, to you!  
All roads are hushed, above, below;  
Soft on the face the snow! the snow!  
A winding sheet that husheth all  
In low! but or lordly hall—  
A winding sheet for the Old Year—No!  
A mantle for the New!

Have your shrubbery in the front yard boxed up on New Year's day. We once knew a Galveston caller, an otherwise estimable young man, to tumble down the front steps of a lordly mansion and break a valuable tree all toinders with his head.

## His Hands Fall.

Jinks—Make any calls today!  
Binks—No. I was too busy receiving  
"Who?"  
"Creditors."



# COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

## CHAPTER I.

### HAROLD QUARITCH MEDITATES.

There are some things and faces which, when first seen for the first time, project themselves upon the mind like a sun image on a sensitive plate and there remain unalterably fixed. To take the case of a face—we may never see it again, or it may become the companion of our life; but there the picture is just as we first knew it, the same smile, the same look, unaltered and unalterable, reminding us in the midst of change of the absolutely indestructible nature of every experience, act and aspect of our life. For that which has been is, since the past knows no change and no corruption, but lives eternally in its frozen and completed self.

These are somewhat large words to be born of a small matter, but they rose up spontaneously in the mind of a soldierly looking man who was leaning, on the particular evening when this history opens, over a gate in an eastern country lane, staring vacantly at a ripe field of corn.

He was a peculiar and rather battered looking individual, apparently over 40 years of age, and yet bearing upon him that unmistakable stamp of dignity and self respect which, if it does not exclusively belong to, is yet one of the distinguishing attributes of the English gentleman. In face he was ugly; no other word can express it. Here were not the long mustaches, the almond eyes, the aristocratic air of the colonel of fiction—for our dreamer was a colonel. These were—alas! that the truth should be so plain—represented by somewhat scrubby, sandy colored whiskers, small but kindly blue eyes, a low, broad forehead, with a deep line running across it from side to side, something like that to be seen upon the bust of Julius Caesar, and a long, thin nose. One good feature, however, he did possess, a mouth of such sweetness and beauty that, set as it was above a very square and manly looking chin, it had the air of being ludicrously out of place. "Umph," said his old aunt, Mrs. Massey (who had just died and left him what she had), on the occasion of her first introduction to him five-and-thirty years before, "umph! Nature meant to make a pretty girl of you, and changed her mind after she had finished the mouth. Well, never mind, better be a plain man than a pretty woman. There, go along, boy, I like your ugly face."

Nor was the old lady peculiar in this respect, for plain as the countenance of Col. Harold Quaritch undoubtedly was, people found something very taking about it when once they got used to its rugged air and stern, regulated expression. What that something was it would be hard to define, but perhaps the nearest approach to the truth would be to describe it as a light of purity which, notwithstanding the popular idea to the contrary, is to be found quite as often upon the faces of men as upon those of women. Any person of discernment in looking at Col. Quaritch must have felt that he was in the presence of a good man, not a prig or milkop, but a man who had attained to virtue by thought and struggle that had left their mark upon his face, a man whom it would not be well to tamper with, and one to be respected by all, and feared of evil doers. Men felt this, and he was popular among those who knew him in his service, though not in any half-fellow well-met kind of way. But among women he was not popular. As a rule, they both feared and disliked him. His presence jarred upon the frivolity of the lighter members of their sex, who dimly realized that his nature was antagonistic, and the more solid ones could not understand him. Perhaps this was the reason why Col. Quaritch had never married, had never even had a love affair since he was five-and-twenty.

And yet it was of a woman's face that he was thinking as he leaned over the gate and looked at the field of yellowing corn, undulating like a golden sea beneath the pressure of the wind.

Col. Quaritch had twice in his life been at Honham before the present time, when he had come to abide there for good and all, once ten and once four years ago. His old aunt, Mrs. Massey, had a place in the village—a very small place—called Honham cottage, or Molehill, and he had on these two occasions been down to stay with her. Now Mrs. Massey was dead and buried, and had left him the property, and he had given up his profession, in which he had no further prospects, and come to live at Honham. This was his first evening in the place, for he had arrived by the last train on the previous night. All day he had been busy trying to get the house a little straight, and now, thoroughly tired of the task, he was refreshing himself by leaning over a gate. It is, though a great many people will not believe it, one of the most delightful refreshments in the world.

And then it was, as he leaned over the gate, that the image of a woman's face rose before his mind as it had been continually rising for the last five years. It was five years since he had seen it, and those five years he had spent in India and Egypt. It seemed but the other day that he had been leaning over this very gate, and had turned to see a young girl dressed in black, with a spray of honeysuckle stuck in her girle, and a stick in her hand, walking leisurely down the lane. There was something about the girl's air that had struck him while she was yet a long way off—a dignity and a grace, and a set of the shoulders, and then as she came nearer he saw the soft dark eyes and the waving brown hair that contrasted so strangely and effectively with the pale and striking face. It was not a beautiful face, for the mouth was too large, and the nose was not as straight as it might have been, but there was a power about the broad brow, and a force and solid nobility stamped upon the features which had impressed him strangely. Just as she arrived opposite to where he was standing a gust of wind, for there was a stiff breeze, had blown the lady's hat off, taking it right over the hedge, and he, as in duty bound, had scrambled into the road and fetched it for her, and she had thanked him with a quick smile and a lighting up of the brown eyes, and then passed on with a bow.

Yes, with a little bow she had passed on, and he had watched her departing down the long level drift, till she melted into the evening sunset light, and was gone. When he returned to the cottage he had described her to his old aunt, and asked who she might be, so long that her name was Ida de la

Molle, which sounded like a name out of a novel, the only daughter of the old squire who lived at Honham castle. And then next day he had left for India, and saw Miss de la Molle no more.

And now he wondered what had become of her. Probably she was married; so striking a person would be almost sure to attract the notice of men. And after all, what could it matter to him? He was not a marrying man, and women as a class had little attraction for him; indeed he disliked them. It has been said that he had never married, and never even had a love affair since he was five-and-twenty, and this was true enough. But though he was not married, he, once before he was five-and-twenty, had very nearly taken that step. It was twenty years ago now, and nobody quite knew the history, for in twenty years many things are fortunately forgotten. But there was a history, and a scandal, and the marriage was broken off almost on the very day before it was to have taken place. And after that it leaked out in the neighborhood—it was in Essex—that the young lady, who by the way was a large heiress, had gone off her head, presumably with grief, and been confined in an asylum, where she was believed still to remain.

Perhaps it was the thought of this one woman's face, the woman he had once seen walking down the drift, her figure limned out against the stormy sky, that led him to think of the other face, the face hidden in the mad house. At any rate, with a sigh, or rather a groan, he swung himself round from the gate, and began walking homeward at a brisk pace.

Shaking himself clear of his sad thoughts, Harold Quaritch turned round at his own front door to contemplate the scene. The long, single storied house stood, as has been said, at the top of the rising land, and to the south and west and east commanded a beautiful view as is to be seen in that country. There, a mile or so away to the south, situated in the midst of grassy grazing grounds, flanked on either side by still perfect towers, frowned the massive gateway of the old Norman castle. Then, to the west, almost at the foot of the Molehill, the ground broke away in a deep bank clothed with timber, which led the eye down by slow descents into the beautiful valley of the Ell. Here the silver river wound its gentle way through lush and poplar bordered marshes, where the cattle stand knee deep in flowers; past quaint wooden mill houses, through Boleingham Old Common, windy looking even now, and brightened here and there with a dash of golden gorse, till it was lost in the picturesque cluster of red tiled roofs that marked the ancient town. Look which way he would, the view was lovely, and equal to any to be found in the eastern counties, where the scenery is fine enough in its own way, whatever people, whose imaginations are so weak that they require a mountain and a torrent to excite them into activity, may choose to say to the contrary.

Behind the house to the north there was no view, and for a good reason, for here, in the very middle of the back garden, rose a mound of large size and curious shape, which completely shut the landscape out. What this mound, which may perhaps have covered half an acre of ground, was nobody had any idea. Some learned folk said that it was a Saxon tumulus, a presumption to which its ancient name, "Dead Man's Mount," seemed to give color. Other folk, however, yet more learned, declared that it was an ancient British dwelling, and pointed triumphantly to a hollow at the top, wherein the ancient Britons were supposed to have moved, lived and had their being, which must, urged the opposing party, have been a very damp one. Thereon, the late Mrs. Massey, who was a British dweller, proceeded to show with much triumph how they had lived in the hole by building a huge mushroom shaped roof over it, and thereby turning it into a summer house, which, owing to the unexpected difficulties in the construction of the roof, cost a great deal of money. But as the roof was slated, and as it was found necessary to pave the hole with tiles and cut surface drains in it, the result did not clearly prove its use as a dwelling place before the Roman conquest. Nor did it make a very good summer house. Indeed, it now served as a store place for the gardeners' tools and for rubbish generally.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COLONEL MEETS THE SQUIRE.

Suddenly, as Col. Quaritch was contemplating these various views and reflecting that on the whole he had done well to come and live at Honham cottage, he was startled by a loud voice saluting him from about twenty yards distance with such a peculiar vigor that he fairly jumped.

"Col. Quaritch, I believe," said, or rather shouted, the voice from somewhere down the drive.

"Yes," answered the colonel mildly, "here I am."

"Ah, I thought it was you. Always tell a military man, you know. Excuse me, but I am resting for a minute, this last pull is an uncommonly stiff one. I always used to tell my dear old friend, Mrs. Massey, that she ought to have the hill cut away a bit just here. Well, here goes for it," and after a few heavy steps the visitor emerged from the shadow of the trees into the sunset light which was playing on the terrace before the house.

Col. Quaritch glanced up curiously to see who the owner of the great voice might be, and his eyes lighted upon as fine a specimen of humanity as he had seen for a long while. The man was old, as his white hair showed, 70 perhaps, but that was the only sign of decay about him. He was a splendid man, broad and thick and strong, with a keen, quick eye, and a face sharply outlined and clean shaven, of the stamp which in novels is generally known as aristocratic, a face that, in fact, showed both birth and breeding. Indeed, as clothed in loose tweed garments and a gigantic pair of top boots, his visitor stood there, leaning on his long stick and resting himself after breasting the hill, Harold Quaritch thought to himself that he had never seen a more perfect specimen of the typical English country gentleman—as the English country gentlemen used to be.

"How do you do, sir, how do you do? My name is De la Molle. My man George, who knows everybody's business except his own, told me that you had arrived here, so I thought that I would walk round, and do myself the honor of making your acquaintance."

"That is very kind of you," said the colonel.

"Not at all. If you only knew how uncommonly dull it is down here you would see



The colonel meets the squire.

say that. The place isn't what it used to be when I was a boy. There are plenty of rich people about, but they are not the same stamp of people. It isn't what it used to be in more ways than one," and the old squire gave something like a sigh, and thoughtfully removed his white hat, out of which a dinner napkin and two pocket handkerchiefs fell to the ground, in a fashion that reminded Col. Quaritch of the climax of a conjuring trick. "You have dropped some—some linen," he said, stooping down to pick the mysterious articles up.

"Oh, yes, thank you," answered his visitor, "I find the sun a little hot at this time of the year. There is nothing like a few handkerchiefs or a towel to keep it off," and he rolled the mass of napery into a ball, and cramming it back into the crown, replaced the hat on his head in such a fashion that about eight inches of white napkin hung down behind. "You must have felt it in Egypt," he went on—"the sun, I mean. It's a bad climate, that Egypt, as I have good reason to know," and he pointed again to his white hat, which, as Harold Quaritch now observed for the first time, was encircled by a broad black band.

"Ah, I see," said he, "I suppose that you have had a loss."

"Yes, sir, a very heavy loss."

Now Col. Quaritch had never heard that Mr. de la Molle had more than one child, Ida de la Molle, the young lady whose face had remained so strongly fixed in his memory, although he had scarcely spoken to her on that one occasion five long years ago. Could it be possible that she had died in Egypt? The idea sent a tremor of fear through him, though of course there was no real reason why it should. Deaths are so common.

"Not—Miss de la Molle?" he said, nervously, adding, "I had the pleasure of seeing her once, a good many years ago, when I was stopping here for a few days with my aunt."

"Oh, no, not Ida, she is alive and well, thank God. Her brother James. He went all through that wretched war, which we owe to Mr. Gladstone, as I say, though I don't know what your politics are, and then caught a fever, or, as I think, got touched by the sun, and died on his way home. Poor boy! He was a fine fellow, Col. Quaritch, and my only son, but very reckless. Only a month or so before he died I wrote to him to be careful always to put a towel in his helmet, and he answered, in that flippant sort of way that he had, that he was not going to turn himself in a dirty clothes bag, and that he rather liked the heat than otherwise. Well, he's gone, poor fellow, in the service of his country, like many of his ancestors before him, and there's an end of him."

And again the old man sighed, heavily this time.

"And now, Col. Quaritch," he went on, shaking off his oppression with a curious rapidity that was characteristic of him, "what do you say to coming up to the castle for your dinner? You must be in a mess here, and I expect that old Mrs. Jobson, whom my man George tells me you have got to look after you, will be glad enough to be rid of you for to-night. What do you say? Take the place as you find it, you know. I know that there is a leg of mutton for dinner if there is nothing else, because, instead of minding his own business, I saw George going off to Dorsingham to fetch it this morning. At least, that is what he said that he was going for; just an excuse to gossip and idle, I fancy."

"Well, really," said the colonel, "you are very kind; but I don't think that my dress clothes are unpacked yet."

"Dress clothes? Oh, never mind your dress clothes. Ida will excuse you, I dare say. Besides, you have no time to dress. By Jove! it's nearly 7 o'clock; we must be off if you are coming."

The colonel hesitated. He had intended to dine at home, and being a methodical minded man did not like altering his plans. Also he was, like most old military men, very punctilious about his dress and personal appearance, and objected to going out to dinner in a shooting coat. But all this notwithstanding, a feeling that he did not quite understand, and that it would have puzzled even an American novelist to analyze—something between restlessness and curiosity, with a dash of magnetic attraction thrown in—got the better of his scruples, and he went.

"Well, thank you," he said, "if you are sure that Miss de la Molle will not mind, I will come. Just allow me to tell Mrs. Jobson."

"That's right," hallooed the squire after him. "I'll meet you at the back of the house. We had better go through the fields."

The colonel, having informed his housekeeper that he should not want any dinner, and hastily brushed his not too luxurious locks, rejoined Mr. de la Molle.

They strolled along, stopping now and again to admire some particular oak or view, chatting all the while in a discursive manner, which, though it was somewhat aimless, was by no means without its charm. The squire was a capital companion for a silent man like Harold Quaritch, who liked to hear other people talk.

In this way they got down the slope, and passing through a couple of wheat fields

came to a succession of broad meadows, somewhat sparsely timbered, through which the footpath ran right up to the grim gateway of the ancient castle, which now loomed before them, outlined in red lines of fire against the ruddy background of the sunset sky.

In another three minutes they had crossed a narrow byroad and were passing up the ancient drive that led to the castle gates.

Right before them was the gateway of the castle, flanked by two great towers, and that, with the exception of some ruins, was, as a matter of fact, all that remained of the ancient building, which had been effectually demolished in the time of Cromwell. The space within, where the keep had once stood, was now laid out as a flower garden, while the house, which was of an unpretentious nature, and built in the Jacobean style, occupied the south side of the square, and was placed with the back to the moat.

"You see I have practically rebuilt those two towers," said the squire, pausing underneath the Norman archway. "If I had not done it," he added, apologetically, "they would have been in ruins by now, but it cost a pretty penny, I can tell you. Nobody knows what stuff that old flint masonry is to deal with, till he tries it. Well, it will stand now for many a long day. And here we are"—and he pushed open a porch door and then passed through a passage into a kind of oak paneled vestibule, which was hung with tapestry originally taken, no doubt, from the old castle, and decorated with coats of armor, spear heads and ancient swords.

And here it was that Harold Quaritch once more beheld the face that had haunted his memory for so many months.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TALE OF SIR JAMES DE LA MOLLE.

"Is that you, father?" said a voice, a very sweet voice, but one of which the tones betrayed the irritation natural to a healthy woman who has been kept waiting for her dinner. The voice came from the recesses of the dusky room in which the evening gloom had gathered deeply, and looking in its direction Harold Quaritch could see the outlines of a tall form sitting in an old oak chair with its hands crossed.

"Is that you, father? Really it is too bad to be so late for dinner, especially after you blew up that wretched Emma last night because she was five minutes after time. I have been waiting so long that I have almost been asleep."

"I am very sorry, my dear, very," said the old gentleman, apologetically, "but—halloo! I've knocked my head; here, Mary, bring me a light."

"Here is a light," said the voice, and at the same moment there was a sound of a match being struck.

In another moment the candle was alight, and the owner of the voice had turned round with it, holding it in such a fashion that its rays surrounded her like an aureole, showing Harold Quaritch that face of which the memory had never left him. There was the same powerful, broad brow, the same nobility of look, the same brown eyes and soft waving hair. But the girlhood had gone out of it, the face was now the face of a woman, who knew what life was and had not found it too easy. It had lost some of its dreamlike beauty, though it had gained in intellectual force; as for the figure, it was much more admirable than the face, which was, strictly speaking, not a beautiful one. The figure, however, was undoubtedly beautiful; indeed, it is doubtful if many women could show a finer. Ida de la Molle was a large, strong woman, and there was about her a swing and a lissome grace which is very rare, and as attractive as it is rare. She was now nearly six-and-twenty years of age, and, not having begun to wither in accordance with the fate which overtakes nearly all unmarried women after 30, was at her very best. Harold Quaritch, glancing at her well poised head, her perfect bust and arms (for she was in evening dress), and her gracious form, thought to himself that he had never seen a nobler looking woman.

"Why, my dear father," she went on as she watched the match burn up and held it to the candle, "you made such a fuss this morning about the dinner being punctually at 7:30, and now it's 8 o'clock, and you are not dressed. It is enough to ruin any cook," and she broke off for the first time, perceiving that her father was not alone.

"Yes, my dear, yes," said the old gentleman, "I dare say I did. It is human to err, my dear, especially about dinner on a fine evening. Besides, I have made amends and brought you a visitor, our new neighbor, Col. Quaritch. Col. Quaritch, let me introduce you to my daughter, Miss de la Molle."

"I think that we have met before," said Harold, in a somewhat nervous fashion, as he stretched out his hand.

"Yes," answered Ida, taking it, "I remember. It was in the long drift, five years ago, on a windy afternoon, when my hat blew over the hedge and you went to fetch it."

"You have a good memory, Miss de la Molle," said he, feeling not a little pleased that she should have recollected the incident.

"Evidently not better than your own, Col. Quaritch," was her ready answer. "Besides, one sees so few strangers here that one naturally remembers them. It is a place where nothing happens—time passes—that is all."

Meanwhile the old squire, who had been making a prodigious fuss with his hat and stick, which he managed to send clattering down the flight of stone steps, departed to get ready, saying in a kind of roar as he went that Ida was to order in the dinner, as he would be down in a minute.

Accordingly she rang the bell, and told the maid to bring in the soup in five minutes, and to lay another place. Then turning to Harold, she began to apologize to him.

"I don't know what sort of a dinner you will get, Col. Quaritch," she said, "it is so provoking of my father; he never gives one the least warning when he is going to ask any one to dinner."

"Not at all, not at all," he answered hurriedly. "It is I who ought to apologize, coming down on you like—like—"

"A wolf on the fold," suggested Ida.

"Yes, exactly," he went on earnestly, looking at his coat, "but not in purple and gold."

"Well," she went on, laughing, "you will get very little to eat for your pains, and I know that soldiers always like good dinners."

"How do you know that, Miss de la Molle?"

"Oh, because of poor James and his friends, whom he used to bring here. By the way, Col. Quaritch," she went on, with a sudden softening of the voice, "you have been in Egypt, I know, because I have so often seen

your name in the papers; did you ever meet my brother there?"

"I knew him slightly," he answered, "only very slightly. I did not know that he was your brother, or, indeed, that you had a brother. He was a dashing officer."

What he did not say, however, was that he also knew him to have been one of the wildest and most extravagant young men in an extravagant regiment, and as such had to some extent shunned his society on the few occasions when he had been thrown in with him. Perhaps Ida, with a woman's quickness, divined from his tone that there was something behind his remark; at any rate she did not ask him for particulars of their slight acquaintance.

"He was my only brother," she continued, "there never were but us two, and, of course, his loss was a great blow to me. My father cannot get over it at all, although"—and she broke off suddenly and rested her head upon her hand.

At this moment, too, the squire was heard advancing down the stairs, shouting to the servants as he came.

"A thousand pardons, my dear, a thousand pardons," he said, as he entered the room; "but, well, if you will forgive particulars, I was quite unable to discover the whereabouts of a certain necessary portion of the male attire. Now, Col. Quaritch, will you take my daughter? Stop, you don't know the way—perhaps I had better show it to you with the candle."

Accordingly he advanced out of the vestibule, and turning to the left, led the way down a long passage till he reached the dining room. This apartment was commodious, though not large. It was lighted by three narrow windows, which looked out upon the moat, and bore a considerable air of solid comfort. The table, made of black oak, which was of extraordinary solidity and weight, was matched by a sideboard of the same material and apparently of the same date, both pieces of furniture being, as Mr. de la Molle informed his guests, relics of this old castle.

On this sideboard were placed several very massive ancient plates, on each of which was rudely engraved three falcons, or the arms of the De la Molle family, one piece, indeed, a very ancient salver, bearing those of the Boisseyes—a ragged oak, in an escutcheon of pretense—showing thereby that it dated from the De la Molle who, in the time of Henry VII, had obtained the property by marriage with the Boissey heiress.

As the dinner, which was a simple one, went on, the conversation having turned that way, the old squire had this piece of plate brought by the servant girl to Harold Quaritch for him to examine.

"It is very curious," he said. "Have you much of this, Mr. de la Molle?"

"No, indeed," he said, "I wish I had. It all vanished in the time of Charles I."

"Melted down, I suppose," said the colonel.

"No, that is the odd part of it. I don't think it was. It was hidden somewhere—I don't know where, or the money hidden. But I will tell you the story, if you like, as soon as we have done dinner."

Accordingly, as soon as the servant had removed the cloth, and, after the old fashion, placed the wine upon the naked wood, the squire began his tale, of which the following is the substance:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHAT SHE LACKED.

She had an eye of witching blue,  
She had a cheek of crimson hue,  
She had a wealth of golden hair,  
Which rippled over shoulders fair  
As any lily; lips as red  
As coral from the ocean's bed,  
And whitest teeth that e'er were seen  
Their rosy portals flashed between.  
A hand small, shapely soft and fair,  
Dione's daughter's form and air,  
A step as light as sportive fawn,  
A smile as sweet as summer dawn,  
When fair Aurora tints the skies  
With colors caught from Paradise:  
A voice as sweet as oriole's song—  
The sweetest of the feathered throng—  
A temper amiable and mild,  
The artlessness that marks the child—  
All these in form and mind were blent,  
But then, she hadn't got a cent!

—Boston Courier.

## Bull-Fighting in Spain.

The prominent feature of Spanish towns is a large, round building, entirely out of proportion in magnitude to the surrounding structures. These are the bull-pits, and indicate the prominent part which bull-fighting holds in the life of the Spaniard. This is further evidenced in the Spaniard's articles of luxury, jewelry, wearing apparel—all bear some representation of bull-fighting. On the Sunday previous to our arrival at Gibraltar there was a grand bull-fight near by, and on this occasion two bulls and five horses were killed, and some twenty horses and several men wounded. Just now, preparations are in progress for a fight between an African lion and a bull. The moving genius of this novel enterprise is an American circus man—Col. Daniel E. Boone, the owner of the African Lion. Admission to these bull-fights for good seats is two dollars—a considerable sum in Spain—and the vast concourse of people assembled on these occasions again shows how entirely the Spanish mind is wrapped up in this barbarous sport.

## SINGULAR NAMES.

We know of a black girl whose name sounds like this: Harriet Ann Cassia Ann Betsey Balwin Hanover Ann Berkeley. Another is called Mary Martha Magdalene Paulina Ann Paulina Green. Still another is Arkansas Tennessee Louisiana Red River Thomson; and some years ago there was an old Indian squaw in Dade county who rejoiced in the name of Lily-walk-in-the-water-same-shape-all-the-way-down-foot-just-like-a-board. These were all names that were or have been in actual use, except that we despair of giving the sound of Seminoles gutturals by means of English letters, and therefore translate the squaw's name.—Palatka (Florida) News.

A MAN with fifty thousand dollars in his belt fell dead in a Western city the other day. It was not previously known that the custom was dangerous; but it is well to be safe, and we took ours off the very next day.



## CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

### CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS.

Carol, carol, Christians,  
Carol joyfully,  
Carol for the coming  
Of Christ's Nativity;  
And pray a glad Christmas  
For all good Christian men,  
Carol, carol, Christians,  
For Christmas comes again.  
Carol, carol.

CHORUS—Carol, carol, Christians,  
Carol joyfully,  
Carol for the coming  
Of Christ's Nativity.  
Carol! Carol!

Go ye to the forest,  
Where the myrtles grow.  
Where the pine and laurel  
Bend beneath the snow;  
Gather them for Jesus;  
Wreath them for His shrine;  
Make His temple glorious,  
With the box and pine.  
Carol, carol.

CHORUS—Carol, carol, &c.  
Wreath the Christian garland,  
Where, to Christ, we pray;  
It shall smell like Carmel  
On our festal day;  
Libanus and Sharon  
Shall not greener be,  
Than our holy chancel  
On Christ's Nativity.  
Carol, carol.  
CHORUS—Carol, carol, &c.

Carol, carol, Christians,  
Like the Magi now,  
Ye must laud your caskets  
With a grateful vow;  
Ye must have sweet incense,  
Myrrh and the finest gold,  
At our Christmas altar,  
Humbly to unfold.  
Carol, carol.  
CHORUS—Carol, carol, &c.

Blow, blow up the trumpet,  
For our solemn feast;  
Gird thine armour, Christian,  
Wear thy surplice, priest;  
Go ye to the altar,  
Pray with fervour, pray,  
For Jesus' second coming,  
And the Latter Day.  
Carol, carol.  
CHORUS—Carol, carol, &c.

Give us grace, O SAVIOUR,  
To put off in night,  
Deeds and dreams of darkness,  
For the robes of light!  
And to live as lowly,  
As Thyself with men;  
So to rise in glory,  
When thou com'st again.  
Carol, carol.  
CHORUS—Carol, carol, &c.

### THREE KINGS OF ORIENT.

We Three Kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,  
Field and fountain, Moor and mountain,  
Following yonder Star.  
O Star of Wonder, Star of Night,  
Star with Royal Beauty bright,  
Westward leading,  
Still proceeding,  
Guide us to Thy perfect Light.

GASPARD.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King for ever,  
Censing never  
Over us all to reign.  
O Star, &c.

MELCHIOR.

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense own, a Deity nigh:  
Prayer and praising  
All men raising,  
Worship Him, God on High.  
O Star, &c.

BALTHAZAR.

Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:  
Sorrowing, sighing,  
Bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb,  
O Star, &c.

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
Kings and Gods, and SACRIFICE;  
Heav'n sings  
Hallelujah:  
Hallelujah the earth replies.  
O Star, &c.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine,  
The stars are all sparkling bright;  
The bells of the City of God ring out,  
For the Son of Mary was born to-night;  
The gloom is past, and the morn at last  
Is coming with orient Light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet  
As those which are filling the skies;  
And never a Palace shown half so fair,  
As the Manger-bed where our SAVIOUR  
Lies.

No night in the year is half so dear  
As this, which has ended our sighs.  
Now a new power has come on the earth,  
A match for the armies of hell:  
A CHILD is born who shall conquer the foe,  
And all the spirits of wickedness quell:  
For Mary's Son is the Mighty ONE,  
Whom the Prophets of God foretold.

The stars of Heaven still shine as at first,  
They gleamed on this wonderful night;  
The bells of the City of God peal out,  
And the Angels' song still rings in the  
height;  
And love still turns where the GODHEAD  
burns,  
Veiled in flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,  
The pavement of sapphire is there;  
The dear light of Heaven streams out to  
world;  
And Angels of God are crowding the  
air,  
And Heaven and earth, through the  
Spotless Birth,  
Are at peace on this night so fair.

### GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE.

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Give ye heed to what we say:  
News! News!  
JESUS CHRIST is born to-day:  
Ox and ass before him bow,  
And he is in the manger now.  
CHRIST is born to-day!  
CHRIST is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss:  
Joy! Joy!  
JESUS CHRIST was born for this!  
He hath oped the heavenly door,  
And man is blessed evermore.  
CHRIST was born for this!  
CHRIST was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
Peace! Peace!  
JESUS CHRIST was born to save!  
Calls you one, and calls you all,  
To gain His everlasting hall:  
CHRIST was born to save!  
CHRIST was born to save!

### THE FIRST NOWELL.

The First Nowell the angel did say,  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star  
Shining in the East, beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same Star,  
Three wise men came from country far:  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

This Star drew nigh to the North-West,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those Wise men three,  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there, in His Presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord,  
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,  
That hath made Heaven and earth of  
nought,  
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

### EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES.

Earth to-day rejoices,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Death can hurt no more;  
And celestial voices,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Tell that sin is o'er.  
David's sling destroys the foe;  
Samson lays the temple low:  
War and strife are done;  
God and man are one.

Reconciliation,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Peace that lasts for aye;  
Gladness and salvation,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Came on Christmas day.  
Gideon's fleece is wet with dew,  
Solomon is crowned anew:  
War and strife are done;  
God and man are one.

Though the cold grows stronger,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Yet the days grow longer,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,  
CHRIST is born our Light;  
Now the Dial's type is learnt;  
Burns the Bush that is not burnt.  
War and strife are done;  
God and man are one.

### MERRIEST DAY.

O, merriest day of the children's year,  
We are glad, we are glad you again are here;  
We have eagerly waited your coming long,  
And we welcome you now with our  
sweetest song:

CHORUS.

O, merriest day of the children's year,  
We are glad, we are glad you again are here;  
For the months have seemed long since you  
went away,  
O beautiful gift-laden Christmas day.

O, merriest day of the children's year,  
In the light of your smile there is warmth  
and cheer;  
There is thought for us all in the gifts you  
bring,  
And we scarcely can help but be glad and  
sing:

O, merriest day of the children's year,  
How we wish you could stay with us always  
here;  
For our play grows the sweeter and tasks  
grow light,  
With our beautiful Christmas day in sight.

### LISTEN TO THE SLEIGH-BELLS.

What is keeping Santa,  
He is very late,  
Nine o'clock and after,  
'Tis so long to wait;  
Yet he must be coming,  
We can almost hear  
Sleighbells in the distance,  
Sounding loud and clear

REFRAIN.

Listen to the sleigh-bells, ling, ling, ling,  
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jing, jing, jing,  
Hark! List! He is coming near,  
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jing, jing, jing,  
O, the pretty things for us he'll bring;  
Santa Claus is coming, surely coming,  
Hear his sleigh-bells ring!

Just a little patience,  
Listen, what is that?  
Eyes begin to sparkle,  
Hearts go pat-a-pat;  
Yes, indeed he's coming,  
Coming very near,  
Now we hear the sleigh-bells,  
Santa's almost here.

### HAPPY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,  
Tones of joy and mirth I hear,  
And the children's voices singing,  
Welcome are their songs of cheer.

CHORUS.—Happy bells, Happy bells,  
Sweet and clear their chiming music swells;  
Happy bells, Happy bells,  
Happy chiming Christmas bells.

Listen, how the bells are pealing,  
Silvery tones float on the air,  
And the music sweet is stealing  
Half our weary daily care.

Tell again the old sweet story,  
Angels told so long ago,  
When was born the King of Glory,  
Cradled in a manger low.

### WONDROUS STAR.

Wondrous Star of Bethlehem,  
Standing o'er the infant one;  
As the guide to holy men,  
When they sought God's only son.

CHORUS.—Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good will to men;  
Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Herald angels came to earth,  
Crying, "Peace, good will we bring;"  
They rejoiced at Jesus birth,  
Now let all his praises sing.

Blessed Jesus, may thy love,  
Change the hearts of sinful men;  
Guide them to thy courts above,  
Like a star of Bethlehem.

### THE ANGEL SONG.

Hear, O hear that angel strain  
Sounding sweetly o'er the plain,  
While devoted wise men bring  
Costly spices to our King.

CHORUS.—O, the song, the angel song!  
Let it echo loud and long!  
Lo! to us a Christ is born,  
This happy, happy morn.

Children, chant the sweet refrain,  
Sing it o'er and o'er again;  
O, rejoice this Christmas morn,  
Angels sing, "The Christ is born."

Join the anthem every one,  
Christ, the Father's only Son,  
Comes to earth the world to save,  
Comes to triumph o'er the grave.

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## The Qu'Appelle Progress

Is Published every Thursday

At The Progress Printing Office; in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

Subscription price; \$1.00 per annum, in advance; single copies 5 cents.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$35.00	\$100.00
Half column	8.00	10.00	20.00	60.00
Quarter column	5.00	7.00	15.00	40.00
Three inches	3.00	5.00	10.00	30.00
Two inches	2.00	4.00	8.00	20.00

Business cards \$1.00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly, if oftener \$1.00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Address, JAMES WEIDMAN, Qu'Appelle Station, Assin. E. J. WEIDMAN, Proprietor.

### PORT OF ENTRY WANTED.

For want of a port of entry at Qu'Appelle we are unable to issue our intended Christmas number. The material for it was shipped from St. Paul, Minn., on the 10th of this month. Every possible condition was complied with that could be to secure speedy delivery. Certified invoices, powers of attorney, money to pay duty were supplied to customs brokers immediately, and although the box containing the material arrived at Brandon on the 20th, we have not been able to get it through the customs up to the present. We have spent money freely in telegrams, but the box is still in Brandon, and is likely to stay there till we go personally and raise the hair of the Brandon Collector of Customs. The fact of the business is that such cases as ours are occurring daily, and the public here is not served as it should be in the matter of customs facilities. The material for our intended Christmas number is now a dead loss, and it is all the more annoying when it is known that the New Year's matter we give in this issue arrived here last Monday with no trouble though shipped under precisely similar conditions, two weeks later than the Christmas material. It is an outrage on this business community that there should be ports of entry at Brandon and Regina, and here where there is more mercantile business done than at either of the named places, that business men should be subjected to continual annoyance and loss.

At Rev. Mr. McKay's lecture in Beaverton last week, a very pleasing incident occurred. Rev. Mr. McKay, who has been so bitterly persecuted by the Antis, was presented with a handsome gold watch and a purse by his Beaverton friends. Another purse of money was presented him by the Temperance workers of Cannington. Mr. McKay's manly stand for law enforcement has evidently not interfered with his popularity in North Ontario.

Emin told Stanley he did not desire to leave. About the end of April, Stanley sent couriers with the news for Europe. The Sunday Times says that it has received despatches from two reliable sources that Stanley has arrived at Bargala on the Congo. It is suggested that his homeward route will be via Ujiji and Mala to Zanzibar. Of Bartlett's party only Ward and Bonny remain. Francis DeWinter president of the Emin relief committee, declared that Osman Digma's letter was a trick which had entirely failed of its purpose. King Leopold has received from St. Thomas a telegram confirming the arrival of Stanley and Emin at Arnhem. Despatches from the Congo officially confirm the reports of the safety of Stanley and Emin.

## COUNCIL MINUTES.

SOUTH QU'APPELLE.

Minutes of the council meeting held at McLane's hall on 1st December.

Present: T. T. Thomson, chairman; Couns. Redpath, Ross, Smith, Murphy, Milne.

Minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

From H. Jagger re taxes.  
From Sarah Reid McLane re taxes.  
From A. M. McLane, clerk, re list of cancelled lands and list of lands re-entered for in the municipality.  
From W. Vickers account of \$1.50.  
From J. B. Milliken re statute labor.

From J. Fair, nuisance inspector account of \$10 half years salary.

From G. H. V. Bulyea, treasurer, statement of funds on hand.

From D. H. McMillan & Co. re dam.

From J. H. Benson re arrears of taxes.

From A. M. McLane account of \$30.70.

From Dominion Lands Commissioner re taxes.

From John Howden, Roadoverseer District No 4 re statute labor list. Referred to committee on roads and bridges.

From W. J. Fanning re statute labor on sections E. 24, E. 16, E. 20, W. 20, tp. 18, range 16.

A deputation from the Board of Trade, consisting of Messrs. James Scott and G. H. V. Bulyea, asking that the council guarantee the sum of \$15, the cost of prosecution in the fire case, Colebrook vs. Holdsworth.

The Finance committee reported that they had examined the following accounts: W. Vickers for \$1.50; J. Fair, \$10; A. M. McLane, \$6.70 being his expenses to Regina; assistant, for services rendered in making map, \$4; A. M. McLane, \$20 being salary as roadoverseer and that the same be paid. Also that the sum of \$112, being balance of \$232 the amount authorized to be borrowed by the chairman as a guarantee to sheriff in respect to tax sale, be transferred to the general fund. Also that steps be taken to compel Messrs. D. H. McMillan & Co. to forfeit their bond for \$5,000 given as a guarantee to erect an elevator within a stated time which they have failed to do. Also that the council guarantee the sum of \$14 towards the expenses for prosecution in the fire case. Also that a note for \$112 was due for which provision must be made. Also that the treasurer's statement to be correct.

The above report was received and adopted.

The Road and Bridge committee reported that they find that the roadoverseer had made an error in his return and that J. B. Milliken had performed the statute labor charged against N.W. 1/4 34-18-14 and would recommend that a cheque be issued in favor of Mr. Milliken for four dollars.

The above report was received and adopted.

Redpath—Murphy—That the chairman be authorized to pay the balance of money, \$112, borrowed to pay charges asked for by sheriff as a guarantee for expenses in advertising tax sale, be transferred to the general fund. Carried.

Ross—Milne—That the clerk notify Messrs. D. H. McMillan & Co that legal proceedings will be taken to recover the amount of their bond, now forfeited to the municipality, within fifteen days if not otherwise arranged and that the clerk forward a copy of this resolution to the said firm. Carried.

Ross—Murphy—That the chairman and treasurer be and are hereby instructed to renew the note due Dec. 1st, 1888, drawn in favor of S. H. Caswell by the municipality of South Qu'Appelle for a period of thirty days. The amount of note being \$122.75. Carried.

By-law to raise a loan received its several readings and finally passed.

Council adjourned till Dec. 15th.

After the council adjourned the final Court of Revision was held and there being no applications, the voters' list, as presented, was confirmed. Dec. 15.

Present: T. T. Thomson, chairman; Couns. Ross, Redpath, Murphy, Smith, Cates.

Minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

From W. E. Jones, S. Mitchell, J. R. Bunn, J. Pike, J. C. Starr, Osler, Hammond & Nanton re taxes.

From E. Hill re purchase of house.

From A. Andrews and others petition re well by Methodist church.

From A. Marshall, P. Yunker re statute labor.

From S. H. Caswell re note due.

Accounts by S. H. Caswell for \$4.70 and E. J. Weidman for \$15.85.

The Finance committee reported that the account of E. J. Weidman, \$15.85, and S. H. Caswell, \$4.70 be

paid. That provision should be made to meet the note for \$400, and interest, held by G. R. Skinner, falling due 31st Dec. and that a cheque be issued to A. M. McLane for \$62.50. The report was adopted.

Redpath—Murphy—That the offer of E. Hill for purchasing of shed, built for well borer, for the sum of \$8 be accepted and that the clerk deposit the amount with the treasurer. Carried.

Murphy—Smith—That, in the case of where parties having performed their statute labor and the roadoverseer having returned such statute labor unperformed, upon the certificate of the councillor representing the ward wherein such statute labor was performed, the chairman and clerk be and are hereby authorized to issue cheques for the several amounts and that the collector be authorized to receive such cheques in payment of said statute labor and deposit the said cheque with the treasurer. Carried.

The chairman of the read and bridge committee, asked leave to refer the communications of W. J. Fanning, A. Marshall, P. Yunker and J. Howden back to the council. Request granted.

Murphy—Smith—That the time be extended for the collector's roll to be returned, to the 1st February. Carried.

Ross—Smith—That any one producing notice of cancellation to the collector he shall only collect taxes on the lands now in their possession. Yeas and nays called by the chairman. Nays, Cates, Smith, Murphy, Redpath, Thomson. Nays, Ross.

Smith—Murphy—That the clerk be instructed to get from the collector a list of those who are assessed for arrears other than their taxes on the collector's roll of 1888. Carried.

Ross—Cates—That the petition of A. Andrews and others in regard to sinking a well be not granted. Carried.

Murphy—Redpath—That a cheque in favor of collector for the sum of \$2.60 to be applied in payment of taxes of J. R. Bunn, overcharged on lots 31 and 22, block 161.

Redpath—Murphy—That the taxes on lands in schedule A and C, being farm lands which have been entered for and cancelled and re-entered for, and the taxes on town lots set out in schedule B, being lots sold to private individuals, except 44 marked "Sell" in the paid schedule, be remitted for the years 1884, 1885 and 1886. Carried.

Murphy—Ross—That a cheque be issued in favor of A. J. Baker for \$1.90 for taxes on lot 25, block 156, said lot being already assessed to R. Dunlop.

By-laws regulating councillors fees and mileage, appointing deputy returning officers and polling places. Remitting taxes on certain lands received their several readings.

Council adjourned to the 19th when they met and again adjourned to the 20th.

On the 20th the council met there being present T. T. Thomson, chairman, Couns. Ross, Cates, Redpath.

Communications from J. R. Bunn re taxes.

By-law remitting taxes on certain lands received its several readings.

—The following notice appears in the Manitoba Daily Free Press of Dec. 19th: To the Insuring public, Yesterday, at 8 o'clock, I handed Mr. A. Halloway, the General Agent for the Glasgow and London Insurance Co. and the Quebec Fire Insurance Co., the papers for our losses in his companies upon our elevator and grain at Clearwater, and in less than half an hour was presented with cheques for the same in full. This promptitude deserves notice and I give it unsolicited.—J. A. MITCHELL, of Rodgers & Mitchell. This claim was for \$8,000. Mr. J. H. MacCaul is the local agent here of The Glasgow and London and The Quebec Insurance Companies.

Poor Halton is feeling sorely the sad change from Scott Act to license law. In a recent issue the Acton Free Press says: "The whiskey business has got down to its old-time wholesale capacity in Acton again. Full time is put in every day of the week and double time on Sunday. There was no lack of evidence on this point last Sunday. Drunken men were to be seen in and about every hotel in town, and numbers staggered along the streets. Boozing individuals who had spent all their money for whiskey and had not the where-withal to pay for beds, occupied downy couches in the cells on Saturday and Sunday nights."

Chicago anarchists have applied to Master in Chancery Windes for a writ of injunction restraining the police from interfering with their meetings.

## KATEPWE.

—Two of our young friends, Mr. Paul Salter and Miss Gertrude Skinner were on Dec. 12th made one by the Rev. P. K. Lyon in All Saints Church, before a large gathering of relatives and friends. Miss Edith Skinner, sister of the bride, acting as bridesmaid, and Mr. John Salter, brother of the bridegroom, as best man; Miss May Skinner presided at the organ. The ceremony opened with the well-known wedding hymn—"The voice that breathed o'er Eden." The Psalm—"God be merciful unto us," was sung after the blessing, and the hymn—"How welcome was the call."—at the close of the service. The bridegroom, who is the fourth son of the Rev. Canon Salter, Brantford, Ont., is well-known and highly esteemed by all those who are well acquainted with him, and he is to be heartily congratulated upon the honor of leading to the altar a young lady of such high merit, and whose worth none can tell but those who know it from long experience. The bride is the second daughter of our worthy friend, Thomas Skinner, Esq., "Lakeview Farm," and formerly of Southborough, England, and she will doubtless soon make her new home as bright and cheerful as the one she leaves. At the conclusion of the service the newly married couple betook themselves, with about 30 invited friends following in the rear, to the residence of the bride's father, where they partook of a sumptuous breakfast, which did great credit to the skill of our kind hostess, and of which a first-class confectioner would have been proud, and showed that Mrs. Skinner meant to make this part of the program a success. After breakfast the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Mr. T. G. Vidal and responded to by the bridegroom. Other toasts followed, and the remainder of the day was given up to songs, music, recitations, choruses, etc. The wedding presents, amounting to over 60 in number, were all of a most useful character, and Mr. and Mrs. Salter are to be congratulated upon such an excellent start in their new home. The company broke up about ten o'clock, when the happy couple left for their home by the Lake, amidst the cheers and good wishes of all their friends, to begin the battle of life together. God bless them both.

## Newsy Notes.

The Week's News Boiled down for Progress Readers.

Laurence Oliphant, the writer, died in London, of cancer of the lungs, on Sunday.

Mrs. Wagner, on trial at St. Cloud, Minn., for poisoning her husband, was acquitted.

The whole village of Hermanville Mich., is reported to be destroyed by fire. Loss, \$300,000.

A petard exploded Friday night at the door of the residence of Senor Condel Costillo.

Advices from Mozambique say that the Portuguese have defeated the Borgai on the upper Zambezi.

Chief of Police Hubbard, of Chicago, says he will arrest Mitchell and Kilrain if they fight in that city.

In consequence of the British protest, the Sultan of Zanzibar has revoked his order for wholesale executions.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 175 to 32, has passed a bill to authorize a defence credit of 145,000,000 lire.

All hope for the recovery of Mrs. Letitia Youmans, temperance advocate, is gone. She is a great sufferer from rheumatism.

Emperor Francis Joseph has appointed Count Andrassy a general of cavalry and Chevalier Von Beck a general of artillery.

The Sultan has issued a decree, proclaiming that murderers shall forfeit their lives, and that thieves shall lose their left hand.

M. Hude, deputy for the department of Siene, is dead. It is expected General Boulanger will enter the contest for the vacant seat.

The Exchange hotel, Missoula, Mont., was burned on Thursday night. Two men are said to have perished in the flames.

A chemist's assistant named Pastry Beausier was arrested in Paris on Friday, charged with poisoning sixteen persons at Havre.

Saturday U. S. Commissioner T. C. McConnell, of Fargo, Dak., granted a motion for a continuance in the Gillette forgery case until Thursday.

A construction train on the Arizona & Eastern railroad on Thursday jumped the track near Coke siding and eight men were killed and others injured.

Deserters from the Arab camp say that there is a strong Arab force at Handoub, where a large number of the dead taken from the field of Thursday's battle were brought.

A dynamite machine on the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad, at Mount Pleasant, exploded Sunday afternoon. Several people are reported killed and buildings wrecked.

Nineteen out of a wedding party of twenty colored people at St. Paul were poisoned by eating decayed shrimps and cream puffs cooked in a copper dish. Some are expected to die.

Miss Catherine T. McEvery, member of a blue-blooded family of Lowell, Mass., sues J. H. Butterick, former cashier of the Wamesil bank, for \$75,000 for breach of promise.

J. Dempsey, aged 27 years, 502 West Twenty-third street, New York, was shot and killed on Saturday night by his brother William, during a struggle for the possession of a revolver.

Billy Hawkins, together with two other sports named Pete Hannell and Jack Bernard, have opened a boxing academy and sporting headquarters in Helena, Mont. The formal opening took place on Saturday evening.

Three distinct shocks, presumably of earthquake, were felt at Leroy, N. Y., at 6.05 o'clock Sunday evening. A heavy rumbling sound accompanied them. Windows rattled, and a number of persons were badly frightened.

Doubts in Rome are expressed as to the cordiality of the reception given Mr. Gladstone by the Pope on the former's visit to Rome, on account of his attitude with regard to Ireland and his outspoken sympathy with the cause of Italian unity.

## LOST

A CHESTNUT MARE, about four years old with two white hind feet, and branded on left shoulder; had bridle, halter and long rope on when broke away. Any person finding and delivering the above described animal at Touchwood Telegraph office, will be rewarded. A. V. LINDBERGH. Dec. 31, 1888.

C. A. BENNER

Has opened up a

MEAT SHOP.

In the Landsdowne Hall and will be pleased to do business with all who will favor him with their patronage. Dec. 7, 1888.

W. SYME REDPATH, ADVOCATE, NOTARY PUBLIC, Issuer of Marriage Licenses AND INSURANCE AGENT. BOX 42. QU'APPELLE, N.W.T.

Sale of Farm Lands AND OWN PROPERTY. In Assiniboia; N. W. T.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY Now offered for the disposal of the above

Owners wishing to Realize Are requested to send full particulars of property with lowest selling prices to C. E. CULLEN, Or R. DUNDAS STRONG, Advocate Qu'Appelle Station, N.W.T.

BRICK FOR SALE IN ANY QUANTITY AT THE

Qu'Appelle Brick Yard. J. DOOLITTLE



## SWEARING OFF.

OR HOW A NEW LEAF IS SOMETIMES TURNED OVER.



This is the day of all the days, when everybody thinks it pays to overturn a brand new leaf. This is the day when all our grief is heightened by the past year's sin. This is the day when we grow thin reflecting over last year's fun and thinking what we might have done.

High O! I'm sad, now it's too late when I remember '88. Think of the money I have spent. Think of the bills (Great Scott! the rent) 'Bout all I've done is earn my bread. My boy, you ought to soak your head! What use are you upon this earth? Why, pshaw! I tell you you're not worth the powder that would blow you up. I'm blue today. Well, well, my cup is very full. It makes me mad to think that I have been so bad.

But after all, what is the use? What's done is done. Come, come! a truce. My boy, brace up, 'twill be O.K. a hundred years from yesterday. It does no earthly good to fret. The thing is done, and vain regret won't make it better. Come, don't pine; 'twill be all right in '89. All right! Well, I should faintly smile. You bet; I've done with all past guile.

This raking up of chestnuts old is all played out. The day'll be cold when you observe upon my brow such wrinkles as were there just now. It's just as plain as day to me the reason we're unhappy. My son, it's will power, that is all. Exert it, and Old



Nick will fall. Why, all you've got to do is say "I won't." By George! it's just as plain as day. Let's see, I'd better make a list, so that nothing will ever be missed.

No more I'll throw the gay guitar and wake the neighbors near and far. I'll make no bets, nor will I spring old chestnuts from the circus ring upon my friends, nor will I seek to borrow money on my cheek. I'll wake up in the morning bright, and in the dark I'll strike a light and start the fire while my poor wife in bed is lengthening her life. I'll hustle round and put in coal and saw up wood, upon my soul! I'd better keep a diary, too, to chronicle what I will do. No more tobacco! I have spoke. By Jove! a man's a fool to smoke. And in regard to spending cash I'll not throw it away on trash. This year I'll buy by hook or crook, I'll put down figures in a book. I'll save! Let's see, well I should say, a cool five hundred in this way. No more you'll catch me out of nights. How transitory those delights. I tell you, will power is the thing. I've seen my day. I've had my fling.

Hello, who's there? Come in. Why, Jack, my boy, how came you back so soon? I'm glad you're here. Come, shake, old man. A Glad New Year. Sit down. Can't stay! Why what's on hand? No, no, my boy, I've too much sand. What's up? Yes! Well, who'll be there? Only this time. Don't know's I care. Remember then, this once I'll go; but after this no more. No; no. Oh, what a jolly time 'twill be! Only this once, mind. Whoop! What is the use of feeling down in heart? We'll go and paint the town!



TOM MASSON.

## LONG LIFE.

Oh! bright New Year, with snow white train, Oh! glad New Year, you've come again; Covering the earth, its every stain, With snow white train from mount to main, May good live on in you! The beautiful and true! Long life, long life to you!

Points for New Year's Callers. Before starting out borrow the clothes you propose to wear from some dear friend who is fool enough to lend them to you.

A Happy New Year! Why not! The path of duty is the path of safety ever, and the reparations of the good are for time alone. We are moving in a veritable journey. Our caribuntwines through seas of light sustained by the power that launched it into space.

## "WALKING EGYPT."

A Singular New Year Custom Among the Negroes of the South.



F the old slave customs of the southern states, now that the negroes have been free for nearly a quarter of a century, many are obsolete. The "old spirituals," as the aged colored Christians call their peculiar hymns, are either given up entirely or modernized and refined till they are barely recognizable. But as the old goes and the new takes its place, we can still see—and it is a "persistence of type" worth the attention of philosophers—that the genius of the original African is still there. The song may be an adaptation from Watts' Hymns; but all the same it is an Africanized Watts.

When a traveler or man of science attends a "colored revival" in the back districts of the gulf states and hears this roaring chorus from one thousand throats—

I see St. Petah a standin' in the do',  
Dip in the Golden Sea!  
An' all my frien's what went befo',  
Dip in the Golden Sea!  
O, dip me, bathe me, sistahs, you;  
O, brothers, won't you help me through?  
We'll all ride behind the milk white steeds—  
An' dip in the Golden Sea.

he perceives at once that this is African, not Saxon, imagery. And by the eye of scientific faith he can look back 300 years to the time when the ancestors of these people, under the palm or on the sandy shore, sang and rioted in praise of Bannamucka or Mumbo Jumbo.

The negroes have also had one experience common to all freed people. At first there was a violent reaction against everything that belonged to slave times; they carefully discarded the most trifling customs which might serve to imply a slave origin. By and by, when their freedom was an assured thing and taken as a matter of course, there was a counter reaction; they took up the old songs and customs, but gave them a tone that implied a sense of deliverance. Thus, "Roll, Jordan, roll," became an emancipation song, and "Old Nicodemus" was completely transformed. And by a similar evolution one phase of the old "Juba dance" became "Walking Egypt." This is, in plain English, only a mildly religiousized form of the walking dance or dancing walk which the Africans, like all heathen people, have always had. The Indians' "corn dance" and "sun dance" are but variations of the same thing.

But "Walking Egypt," as it now is, dates from emancipation, and is performed on New Year's eve—that is, when they "watch the old year out and the new year in." One description, by a white lady who saw it from the gallery of a Georgia church, is as follows:

"The leader took his place on the floor and began the wild, half barbaric chant; then one by one, as the excitement grew, the others followed. Soon the whole line was in a tremor of excitement, and shouts and improvised lines like these:

Who's dat yondah dressed in black?  
Oh, it's an angel dressed in black.

"The walk is by a slight forward jerk of the foot. As the walkers warmed to their work and grew wilder in their movements it was easy to see why the better educated colored people are opposed to the walk; for the men and women took most abandoned attitudes. The scene recalled pictures of the orgies of 'hashish' maddened fanatics. The walk went on for hours, up one aisle and down the other, new ones taking the place of those



"WALKING EGYPT."

who dropped out exhausted; and at daylight several of the participants were down on their knees, still crawling around the church.

The "Egypt" part of it is an evident reference to the "Walk" of the Israelites out of bondage, for that is a parallel case in the mind of every freedman. But in prosaic fact the "walk" is only one of the thousand ways in which undeveloped people mingle the religious manifestations with the social, the musical and finally the voluptuous. And, of course, as the excitement increases the first element yields to the second and both to the last. In short, the walk is but the survival of some old African fetich worship, and is therefore possible only among the undiluted blacks of the most ignorant class. It is simple matter of truth and justice to add that no freed people in history have ever progressed faster than the negroes; and if they maintain their present rate of development, another generation will see the last of "Walking Egypt."

## A Siamese New Year.

All Siamese birthdays are celebrated at New Year's, and at this time the curious custom of "hair cutting" is observed. When a boy reaches the age of 11 or 13, and a girl that of 9 or 13, they are considered no longer children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is allowed to grow just above the forehead, and is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held together with a long gold or jeweled pin. At the base of this knot is worn a wreath of fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of hair cutting often last five or six days. It is the "coming out party" of the boy or girl, and thereafter they are not permitted to mingle with the other sex as children, but are considered to have arrived at a marriageable age.

When you desire to light your cigar, don't attempt to climb a lamp post for that purpose, as your motives are liable to be misunderstood.

## Business Directory.

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### PUBLIC NOTICE.

BY the Trustees of the School District of ABBOTSFORD Protestant Public School District No. 37 of the Northwest Territories.

Whereas it is deemed expedient by the Trustees of the School District of ABBOTSFORD Protestant Public School District No. 37 of the Northwest Territories, that the sum of Two Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars should be borrowed on the security of the said School District by the issue of Debentures repayable to the bearer in Ten equal annual consecutive instalments from the date of issue thereof with interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum for the following purposes, namely:

For the erection of a School House and necessary out buildings for same.

Therefore, notice is hereby given by the Trustees of said School District that a Poll will be opened by the undersigned Chairman of the said Trustees at the house of Mr. M. H. Winn, Section 2, Township 16, Range 10, west of 2nd principal meridian, on

Friday, the 28th day of December, 1888.

At the hour of Ten o'clock, a. m. and will continue open until Four o'clock, p. m. of the same day, when the votes of those duly qualified to vote thereon, will be taken for or against raising the said sum of Two Hundred and Seventy-five by way of a loan on the security of the said School District as hereinbefore set forth.

The qualification of voters is expressed in the following oath which persons desiring to vote, must take if required:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I am a bona-fide resident ratepayer of the School District of ABBOTSFORD Protestant Public School District No. 37 of the North-West Territories; that I am of the full age of twenty-one years; that I am not an alien or unfranchised Indian; that I have not voted before at this election and that I have not received any reward either directly or indirectly, nor have I any hope of receiving any reward for voting at this time and place. So help me God."

Of which all persons interested are hereby notified and are required to govern themselves accordingly.

Dated at Abbotsford, this 5th day of December, 1888.

JOHN MACALLISTER, Chairman,  
WILLIAM GIBSON,  
ALEX. KINDRED,  
Trustees.

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## TERRORS OF THE BASTILLE.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE GREAT FRENCH PRISON.

The Awful Symbol of the Wrongs of the French—How Prisoners Were Thrown Into a Living Tomb—Razed to the Ground.

July 14 is the French Fourth of July. On that day, in 1789, the Bastille was razed to the ground. That act meant to France what the Declaration of Independence meant to the United States. It is a great day to the great French nation, and well it may be.

The Bastille was built by Charles V. in 1380. For more than 400 years it was the last argument which the French kings had used to convince their subjects. Eight massive round towers connected by walls of tremendous thickness, the whole surrounded by a ditch 25 feet in depth—this was the gloomy forbidding prison that had come to be in the sight of Frenchmen the perpetual, awful symbol of their wrongs. It stood to them as the embodiment of power as potent as the pretense of their kings—the power of God himself; it represented a cruelty as profound and unchangeable as that which the teachers which tyranny fostered declared was to be the portion after death of all who disputed the justice of which it was the terrible instrument. Into the gloomy maw of this frightful prison had been plunged generation after generation, the wisest, purest, bravest, best of the people of France.

Did a man dare to protest against the doctrine that the people were born to toil for kings, priests and nobles, he was sent to the Bastille to change his mind, or go mad within its damp and rayless cells. Did genius utter some thought that had not first been submitted to the censors of these same kings and priests and nobles, that Bastille opened its jaws to him and he came not forth till he had learned to keep to himself the truth that was in him, did some father have a daughter, some husband a wife, that kingly or aristocratic lust coveted, and did he stand between the purity of that daughter or wife and a shame that was worse than death, into the Bastille he went, perhaps never to come out alive. "The man of the iron mask" was no myth to the people of France. He stood for a class. His story was the story of thousands. The mask was but the symbol of the complete loss of identity that fell to the lot of countless prisoners in the centuries during which the Bastille cumbered the earth.

If only the advocates of patriotism, the children of genius, the defenders of domestic virtue had been smothered in the Bastille, it might have stood centuries longer. But the hands that held the keys of that prison reached forth in 1789 as they had for generations and took the substance of the people to lavish the proceeds thereof upon favorites. Who were these favorites? There were 130,000 of them who held office in the service of the church. There were 140,000 nobles who did nothing except to live upon the labors of the people. One-fifth of the land belonged to the church, one-fifth to the nobility, one-fifth to the communes and the king. This left the 26,000,000 of common people the owners of two-fifths only of the land. But it was the poorest land in France that the common people were allowed to own. The richest and best of it belonged to the few. Speaking upon this point, Taine says: "If the land of the privilege of comprises almost all the large and handsome buildings, the palaces, castles, convents and cathedrals, and almost all the valuable movable property, such as furniture, plate, objects of art, the accumulated masterpieces of centuries. We can judge of it by the portion belonging to the clergy. Its possessions capitalized amounted to nearly four billions of francs. The income from this amounted to 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 francs, to which must be added the *dime* or tithes, 125,000,000 francs per annum; in all, 200,000,000, a sum which must be added to show its equivalent at the present day, and to this must be added the chance contributions and the usual church collections.

The theory of the government was the same as in the days of Louis the XIV. As our own historian, Ridpath, has said: "The theory reduced to a formula ran thus: It is the duty—the business—of the state to teach men what things to do, and of the church to teach them what things to believe. As for man, it is his business to be governed. That is—and was—the object of his creation." There were, then, in the sky of human affairs in France a few stars of the first magnitude, but no other stars. There were a few thousand of the favorites, and millions upon millions of nobodies. In 1789 the nobodies were without food, without clothing, without hope. Their oppressors had wine, peacocks, brains, jeweled raiment, their pompadors. They owned among them some dozen in all of protection-made poets, artists and scientists. Much good were these poets and scientists to a people who had been protected from the sin of knowing how to read.

On one day, that of July 14, 1789, the people, rather than starve to death, enter a protest against the representatives of the fatherly idea in government, and Louis the XVI, his nobles and his priests look into the hell of the French revolution.

When the Bastille fell men were blinded by the dust of it and groped wildly about in their righteous wrath that sought to revenge the wrongs of ages. What wonder if in this groping and striking they touched the innocent with the guilty? The hated things of all time had been doomed, and along with them went many noble and beautiful objects that it would have been better could they have been spared. A wrath that would not stop till the last stone of the Bastille was leveled to the ground, was a wrath that had no time to discriminate. It was a wrath which Carlyle has described as "truth clothed in hell fire."

The site of the Bastille is now marked by a lofty column of bronze dedicated to the memory of the patriots of 1789 and 1830. The key of the Bastille was sent by Lafayette to George Washington, and it

is now one of the objects of interest to all who visit Mt. Vernon. What a fitting juxtaposition. The key is the dark landmark that serves, better than any other tangible one, to bring out the noble figure of Washington's chief of the world's past emancipators.

### Pigeons in War.

Communication during the maintenance of a campaign is of the utmost importance, and when the ordinary means by which intelligence is conveyed either break down or fall into the enemy's hands, the only alternative is found in the balloon. This, however, owing to various uncontrollable causes, can only be employed to a very limited extent, though up to a few years ago it was generally looked upon as the only means by which a beleaguered town could communicate with the outer world. But the invaluable services rendered to the French capital during the last few months of the Franco-German war by pigeons fully demonstrated that these birds were far superior to balloons as a means of communication during the carrying on of military operations; and the various war authorities of the continent were so firmly convinced of this that soon after the close of the campaign some of the chief nations established regular military pigeon systems, the government granting an annual amount for their maintenance. All the systems are based upon the same lines. The frontier or other fortresses that are considered most liable to attack, as well as many of the inland towns, are provided with pigeon-lofts, and an important point in the interior of the country—generally the capital—is fixed upon as a central station with which they shall communicate. Between the various fortresses there is, too, direct communication. Where the distance separating outlying stations from the central one is deemed too great for the birds to safely traverse, the connection is secured by intermediate ones. As to the number of pigeons kept at each station, this varies according to the position of the place, the number of directions in which birds have to be trained, and the distances that they have to be flown. Where it is intended that the pigeons shall only be used in one direction, about 200 are maintained, and for each direction after the first 150 birds are added; so that at a station where three directions are covered, 500 pigeons will be kept. In case of siege this number would be sufficient to ensure communication for six months, the calculation being arrived at in the following manner: Suppose the birds are tossed twice per week, then in six months there would be fifty-two tossings, and as the number of pigeons left loose on each occasion would in all probability average three, the total number of birds tossed during the half-year would be 156, allowance thus being made for various contingencies.

The Germans were among the first nations to establish military pigeon-lofts, and their system is now the most complete in Europe. The larger fortresses, like Metz, Cologne, and Strasbourg, each have from 400 to 600 well-trained birds; and the annual vote of credit for pigeon purposes in the military budget is \$8,000. The commandant of the place is responsible for the birds being properly cared for and trained, and they are in charge of a non-commissioned officer, who has under him two private soldiers and a keeper, the latter receiving a salary of \$20 per month.

Registers are kept giving full particulars concerning all the birds—the numbers stamped on them, their age, sex, color, distinguished marks, and the different places from which each has flown, together with notes on their rapidity and reliability. Among the fortresses which were early stocked with birds were those near the Russian frontier—Posen, Thorn, and Königsberg; and others were gradually attended to, until at the present time it may be said that every part of the country is in communication, either directly or indirectly, with the capital by means of pigeons. The northern coast is, in fact, studded with lofts, they having been established at Tönning, Danzig, Stettin, and Kiel. On the western frontier Cologne is in direct communication with Berlin, a distance of 300 miles, and is a transmitting station for Metz and Mayence. Strasbourg and Metz also communicate with Berlin through Würzburg.

In France the vote of credit for the pigeon-lofts is \$20,000. Ten stations have birds trained from Paris, and important towns at great distances communicate with the capital by intermediate stations. Thus Lyons transmits to Paris by way of Langres, which likewise communicates with Marseilles and Perpignan. The military authorities have power to requisition all lofts of trained pigeons belonging to private persons, and a census is regularly made of their number. The census taken last year showed that in Paris alone there were 2,500 birds available, of which 1,780 had been thoroughly trained and might be relied upon as likely to "home." Were Paris, therefore, ever again in danger of being besieged, these together with the birds kept at the various outside stations about Grenoble, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the important towns in the north and south of the country, would form a means of communicating with the armies outside that might play an important part in turning the tide of the campaign.

Russia has recently voted a sum of \$10,000 for the maintenance of military pigeon-lofts, it being thought that in Afghanistan and other distant parts pigeons might, under certain circumstances, be the best means of securing the maintenance of communication.

The Austrian authorities appreciate the usefulness of these messengers in mountain districts, and at the present time they have under consideration the question of establishing pigeon-lofts, in order to secure rapid communication between the fortresses of the frontier and the mountain passes.

There is no government military pigeon system in the country, but there is scarcely a town of any importance that can not boast of possessing a columbarian society, which, in case of necessity, could furnish some hundreds of trained birds; and these, if occasion demanded, could be dispatched by swift couriers so as to bring back intelligence respecting the enemy's fleet.

Hitherto England has not given attention to the establishing of military pigeon-lofts, probably owing to the fact that from its insular position it is in less danger of invasion than are the countries of the Continent. It has also been argued that it would be possible to train birds so as, in time of war, to maintain the communication between ship and shore; whilst during operations on the Afghan frontier pigeons might be of great service. As to our resources in trained pigeons, great progress has, through the medium of columbarian societies, been made in this respect during the past few years, and it may be fairly estimated that something like 9,000 birds are annually put into training by private persons; and in case the necessity arose, these would without doubt, be placed at the disposal of the nation. Whether or not our own government will ever follow the example set by the great European countries is yet to be decided.

### COFFEE IN THE CONFEDERACY.

The Various Substitutes Tried in Turn—Cotton Seed as a Beverage.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the south, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few, indeed, were the substances which did not, first and last, find their way into the coffee pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Rio and ry-r," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of shakles which holds the south to the commercial thall of the world is severed. Let South America keep its Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household—and doubtless, the scene in ours was typical—to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many-sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible, to have greater, in the power and possibilities of the south, now that cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow.

So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interpolation of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it—or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true—that we could not await meal time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch, then sparsely flecked with newly-opened bolls. The apportion of precious stuff now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hands of all sizes and colors were tearing, picking at the discredited fiber, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But it at the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been lagged; for although, owing to the fact that happily the recognition of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly what an aroma we returned to parched brain, it is nevertheless as true that we did.

Recipes for making "coffee" without coffee—when the real article was applied to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant—were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure, genuine coffee would in the eyes of most have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone towards the making of an immense lake of coffee.

Mrs. WALDO (of Boston)—"I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm."

Penelope (dubiously)—"Is there any society in the neighborhood?"

Mrs. WALDO—"I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people."

WIFE (to husband)—"Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John; but I have written her that just at present, while baby is teething, it wouldn't be convenient. If I give you the letter will you think to mail it?"

Husband (with an air of perfect confidence)—"Well, I should say I would!"

Observing LITTLE GIRL—Mamma, who is that on the other side of the car?

Mamma—I don't know, dear; why?

Observing LITTLE GIRL—He looks so queer—he has three eyebrows.

Mamma—How do you make that out?

Observing LITTLE GIRL—He has one over each eye and one over his mouth.

Even British royalty cannot always receive polite treatment from its friends. During the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Manchester, it is said a member of the Town Council in a burst of loyalty adjured him to "Bring the old woman with thee, next time!" The Prince, naturally enough, looked puzzled, and the civic dignity added, "I mean your mother!"

### Several Kinds of Girls.

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.  
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.  
A fighting girl—Hittie Maggins.  
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.  
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.  
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.  
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.  
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.  
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.  
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.  
A clear cut girl—E. Lucy Date.  
A geometrical girl—Rhoda Dendron.  
A luscious girl—Sarah Nade.  
A profound girl—Metta Physics.  
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.  
A nervous girl—Hester Leal.  
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.  
A lively girl—Annie Mation.  
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.  
A sad girl—Ella G.  
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.  
A great big girl—Ella Phant.  
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.  
The best girl of all—Your Own.

### A Rumpus Among the Jewelry.

Scene: A jewelry store—Time: Midnight. The stillness is suddenly broken by a music box striking up a lively waltz. A couple of bronze statues on a shelf, inspired by the music commenced to waltz. "Don't tread on my corn," cried a gilded Ceres, drawing away her horn of plenty, provoking a retort from one of the dancers to the effect that they had had a plenty of that horn. "Can't we ring in?" shouts a box of finger ornaments, all together. A Louis Quatorze Clock on a shelf holds its hands in front of its face to hide its blushes and cries "Watch!" A watch responds that if it was fixed to strike like the clock he would soon stop such goings on. "Hush that racket," comes from a delicate piece of jewelry in a case, "it makes my ear-ring." "Its candleous, so it is," cried a golden candlestick, "and the proprietor ought to be informed of it." "Broach the subject to him then," said a Maud S. scarf pin in the form of a horse-shoe. "Won't somebody take that music box and locket?" cried a watch seal. "Wish a burglar would come in and goblet," snapped a bright-eyed diamond that was playing solitaire in a velvet case. "Or castor into the cellar," put in a necklace. "Pitcher into the alley," snapped a gold collar button. Just before coming to the wind-up the music box ran down, the waltz concluded and silence resumed command.

### Newsboys Don't Get Sick.

Mr. Thomas Fletcher was walking up Nassau street this morning when his heart was touched by the sight of an apparently inanimate bundle of humanity lying in a heap on a grating. Picking it up and shaking it out, he found the bundle to consist of a very diminutive and mud-colored little newsboy.

"You're sick, my little friend," said Mr. Fletcher, and the newsboy, scenting sympathy, and a probable dime or so, assented.

But Mr. Fletcher was a practical man, and proceeded to lead the youth by the hand to the City Hall police station. A large crowd surrounded him en route, and many remarks of astonishment were created by the appearance of a sick street Arab. At the station Mr. Fletcher told a harrowing tale, and the youth, whose name was Pety Folsin, was then asked for his version.

"Says I'm sick, does he!" said Pety.

"Well, he's a green one! A sick newsboy! Oh, crickey!"

And Pety faded through the door like a streak of greased lightning.

—N. Y. Graphic.

### Too Much Scandal.

In a little village in New York the minister is middle-aged, good-natured, and a favorite. It was his custom every Sunday to give an estimable lady parishioner a seat in the family carriage, so that she would not have to walk half a mile to the church. One Sunday the dominie's carriage drew up in front of the lady's door. She was waiting, and hustled down prepared to get in, declining the pastor's proffered aid. Suddenly she noticed that he was alone.

"Where is your wife?" she asked abruptly.

"She is not well enough to go to church to-day," was the reply.

"Where is your daughter?" was the lady's next query.

"She stayed at home to take care of her mother," was the answer.

An instant of hesitation followed. Then the lady turned her back upon her pastor, saying—

"I guess I won't go to church with you; there is so much scandal nowadays."

She is ninety years of age!

Mrs. DASH—"My pet, I wish you would not go with those girls."

Miss DASH—"Why not, mamma? They are real nice."

Mrs. DASH—"I hear their father has been arrested for stealing pennies from a money drawer."

Miss DASH—"It's a mean, miserable slander. He had some legal papers served on him, and has been sleeping in a cell because it is cooler there."

Mrs. DASH—"And he didn't steal any pennies?"

Miss DASH—"No, indeed, he would not descend to such a thing. He merely diverted five hundred thousand dollars, that's all."

Mrs. DASH—"Oh, in that case it is all right. I feared he was a vulgar thief."

FIRST OMAHA YOUTH—"Say, Jinks, you promised me you would talk about me in such a way to that Miss De East that she would be delighted to know me."

Second OMAHA YOUTH—"Yes, and I kept my promise."

"You did! She would scarcely look at me when I called last evening, and begged to be excused—said she had a headache, and wished she was back home in Philadelphia."

"In Philadelphia! Great Caesar! I thought she was from Boston and I told her you were a prize-fighter!"

### The Young Father.

"There!" exclaimed the nurse, proudly, as she put the new baby into the young father's arms; "she's a perfect beauty of a child!"

"Is that all there is of her?" he asked.

"I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, this is all clothes, so far as I can see."

Then he took it and turned it head down.

"Oh," screamed the nurse, "you will kill the baby."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You're holding her upside down."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference yet, does it, nurse?"

"I never saw a man so ignorant."

"Now do you hold her, anyway?"

Then the nurse showed him.

"I wonder what a father does under the circumstances," he thought to himself. "I suppose I've got to talk to the little thing."

He began a string of baby talk. The baby did not show the faintest sign of recognition.

"Say, I'm afraid she's deaf, nurse."

"Deaf! You're a fool."

"Well, but she doesn't hear me. She doesn't even—"

The baby set up a terrible yell.

"She's sick," he said. "There's something the matter with her."

"No, there ain't."

"Oh, do babies yell like that so soon?"

"The baby kept up a howl."

"I don't know about this thing. I suppose that I ought to play the stern parent and spank her, oughtn't I?"

"Spank her! I'd like to see you try to spank the dear little thing."

"Here, take her away."

He went off down stairs, and lit a cigar and took a walk, reasoning to himself that there were some things in life only women seemed to grasp thoroughly.

—Cuesapening A Room.

The editor knew that he was a poet the moment he opened the door. He was pale and tall and thin, with tangled hair and wild eyes. Proof positive of his affliction was given when he drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket and said:

"I have, ahem, a little poem here dashed off in an idle hour. I am a contributor to the Bingfield Battle-axe, tre—"

"What is your poem about?" asked the editor. There was a vacant quarter column in his "make-up" that day and he was strangely short of "slush."

"Oh, it's on 'The Seasons,'" said the poet, amazed at the editor's unheard of civility.

"How much you want for it?"

"Well, I—I—about \$40."

"Forty fiddlesticks! Go to—"

"Oh, well; I beg your pardon, I didn't just know what you generally paid. How would twenty-five suit you?"

"Twenty-five! Bah! I—"

"Well, say twenty, then."

"Why, man alive, I can get poems by the bushel, the cord, the carload for—"

"Well, well, it's surely worth ten. The Bingfield Battle-axe editor says—"

"I don't care what he says. He's an editor and an irresponsible person."

"But, my dear sir, surely you wouldn't think of offering me a paltry \$5 for the poem?"

"I guess not, I'd like to see myself offering you two and a half for it."

"Why, sir, I—I—But then in consideration of your immense circulation and the advantages likely to ensue from my name appearing in your paper, I might consider your offer of—"

"I haven't made any offer yet, my friend, this paper ain't got any dollar and a quarter to throw away on poetry at this time of the year."

"A dollar and a quarter? Why, you said just now that you—"

"No, I didn't. But we don't ask our contributors to work for nothing. Now, here's a ticket good for a regular, straight twenty-five cent dinner at Slop's restaurant. If you want to take that in exchange for your forty-dollar piece of rot you can have it."

"Why, man, I—I—"

"Take it, or leave it! Quick!"

"Well, owing to the high standing of your paper I don't know but I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, you'll take the meal ticket? I thought you would."

He took it and left in its stead twenty-nine paper of foolscap on "The Seasons," the coldest and saddest day of them all, having dawned for him at that moment.

—Home Amusement.

An excellent home entertainment is that of drawing together. In nearly every neighborhood there is some one who knows something of the elements of this fine and valuable art. But if not good prints abound; and much can be learned from them, if one only has sharp eyes. A good plan is for all the members of the family to draw a picture of some one thing—a chair, or a stove, a pile of books, a dog, or a cat. Or, one may sit as a "model" and give the others twenty minutes in which to make a sketch. This often produces great merriment, and if persevered in it sometimes happens that some member of the family develops real talent for drawing.

The twilight hour may be improved by a recital of the events of the day. Each one should take his turn at this, and be obliged to make his description as interesting as possible to the circle. This exercise tends to accuracy, if you please, and develops the descriptive powers. Insist upon having the story duly embellished with details. Stirring ballads, fine poems, and choice bits of prose or verse chime in well at this hour, if recited. Choose specific subjects of conversation. Ask the children to tell all they know about mining, or painting, or new inventions.

A pan of modeling clay, or of mud of the proper consistency, will entertain a group of youngsters for an evening, in modeling. The quick-witted boy or girl will make a rude frame-work of wire and wood, upon which to fashion and model the clay, so it will not tumble down. In drawing and modeling, young people observe a good many things not before thought of. Home talk and home occupations do much toward developing their minds and talents.

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**Hint to Suffering Wives.**  
 Mrs. A.—"I wish I knew what to do when my husband comes home tight."  
 Mrs. B.—"I have adopted a plan that has almost cured my husband."  
 "What is it?"  
 "You know the boozy fellows pull themselves upstairs by the banister."  
 "Just so. Do you take away the banister?"  
 "Well, not precisely, but you came very near guessing it. As soon as he starts out for the lodge, I grease the banisters, and when he tries to pull himself up by his hands slip, and he keeps on going and never getting anywhere, like a horse on a threshing machine. If you want to be amused, grease the banister and watch the poor fellow try to pull himself up stairs. After a while he will get tired coming home tight."

**ANECD OF MUNKACZY.**  
 A Vienna gentleman went to see Munkacz in Paris the other day, and explained that he would like to buy some pictures by him; "only," he added, "I cannot afford to pay the price you now ask. Could you tell me where I could find some of your early work, painted when you were a young man in Hungary—something that I could buy cheap?"  
 "Certainly; there are two or three hundred in my native village of Munkacz—the houses I painted when I was Michael Leib, painter and glazier."

**MUTUAL LACK OF CONFIDENCE.**  
 "I will have to owe you a dime," said Schuler Jewett to the tobacconist, as he bit off the end of a cigar.  
 "But I haven't got confidence in you to that extent. You will have to leave that diamond pin here as collateral."  
 "That diamond pin is worth a dollar and a half, and I haven't got confidence in you to that extent," replied Schuler, as he strolled out into Austin avenue, puffing his cheap cigar.

The Longcoffin girls have been trying very hard to capture Col. Kimberly, a rich but cynical old bachelor; but he made a remark a few evenings ago that discouraged them very much.

"President Cleveland is very well off," said Birdie.

Kimberly shook his head and said, with a sigh: "He was well off, but he is not so now."

"Has he lost his money?" asked Esmerelda Longcoffin.

"No, he has not lost any money."

"You mean he is not well off because he has the rheumatism?"

"That's not it. I mean he is not well off because he has the rheumatism?"

"That's not it. I mean he is not well off because he is married."

After Kimberly left, Mrs. Longcoffin said:

"I don't think it's worth while asking that old fool to tea any more."

"Hot day," said a stout gentleman to a stranger on a crowded Main street car yesterday.

"Hey?" said the other.

"Hot day," said the first something louder.

"Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf and hardly caught your meaning. What did you say?"

"I say it's a hot day!" howled the fat man, glaring at his neighbor and getting red in the face and ears, as everybody in the car looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes, how much must you pay? Five cents! that's the fare on this line."

Whereupon the corpulent individual said some bad words under his breath and got off the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the tenth man within an hour that's told me it was a hot day. Praps they imagine I don't know and he smiled sweetly and fanned with his hat."

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TERMS MODERATE.

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READY, FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

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New Type, New Press, Fine Paper, Five Handsome Lithographed Plates, First-Class Illustrations, Original Matter and Superior Workmanship.

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MECHANICALLY the Xmas GLOBE will be in every way first-class and no expense will be spared in having it surpass anything of the kind heretofore published in this country.

AS THE DEMAND will be very great, we would advise intending purchasers to leave their orders at their newsdealer's or send direct to this office, not later than the end of the present month, as the supply will necessarily be limited and we cannot undertake to print a second edition.

The price has been placed at ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY.

It is intended to have the edition ready the first week in December in order to allow plenty of time for mailing copies long distances so as to reach destination before Christmas.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, the best family newspaper in Canada, and THE RURAL CANADIAN, the best agricultural paper in Canada. Both from now to end of 1889 only \$1.25.

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We are also prepared to Chop Barley and Oats for Feed.

D. H. McMillan & Bro

## Canadian Pacific Ry.

### TIME TABLE.

In Effect November 11, 1888.

READ DOWN.	STATIONS.	READ UP.
GOING EAST		GOING WEST
D 17 00 LV	Winnipeg	AR C 12 00
23 45	Rat Portage	5 16
E 14 30 AR	Pt. Arthur	LV B 14 30
GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
A 13 20 LV	Winnipeg	AR A 16 00
15 52	Portage la Prairie	13 37
17 57	Carberry	11 46
19 50	Brandon	10 45
20 10	Virden	7 41
21 06	Elkhorn	6 50
21 35	Flendng	6 15
21 55	Moosomin	5 57
22 35	Wapella	5 18
23 10	Whitewood	4 45
23 55	Broadview	4 10
24 16	Oaksholla	3 40
24 34	Grenfell	3 20
24 52	Summerbury	3 00
1 10	Wolsely	2 42
1 30	Sintaluta	2 20
1 55	Indian Head	1 55
2 20	Qu'Appelle	1 28
2 42	McLean	1 03
3 05	Balgone	24 37
1 05	Pilot Butte	24 20
3 45	Regina	23 55
4 11	Grand Coulee	23 29
4 30	Pense	23 10
4 50	Belle Plain	21 50
5 13	Pasqua	22 26
A 5 35 AR		LV A 22 05
D 5 50 LV	Moose Jaw	AR C 21 55
10 30	Swift Current	17 25
14 18	Maple Creek	13 24
17 30	Medicine Hat	10 50
23 00	Gleichen	5 50
1 20	Calgary	3 30
4 40	Canmore	24 35
E 5 20	Banff	23 45
E 11 10 AR	Donald	DE B 17 55
GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.
A 10 30 LV	Winnipeg	AR A 20 30
13 55	Dominion City	17 05
A 14 30 AR	Emerson	27 A 16 30
GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
G 15 30 LV	Winnipeg	AR F 9 15
G 17 30 AR	West Selkirk	LV F 7 50
GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
G 9 00 LV	Winnipeg	AR G 14 30
10 00	Stony Mountain	13 30
F 10 30 AR	Stonewall	LV G 13 00
GOING S.W.		GOING N.E.
12 30 LV	Winnipeg	AR G 15 30
13 23	Headingley	14 40
18 38	Treherne	9 32
F 19 35	Holland	8 55
G 21 00 AR	Glenboro	LV G 7 15
GOING S.W.		GOING N.E.
G 4 12 40 LV	Winnipeg	AR 12 50 15 35
11 20 14 37	Morris	11 20 18 32
11 47 15 15	Rosenfeldt	10 52 12 56
12 15 13 35	Gretz	10 25 14 36
16 32 18 05	Morden	11 45 13 05
17 40 19 55	Manitow	LV 16 22 10 40
18 00		
19 04	Pilot Mound	9 17
19 15	Crystal City	9 04
20 05	Cartwright	8 12
20 48	Killarney	7 05
22 35 AR	Deloraine	LV 5 15

### REFERENCES:

A. daily. B. daily except Tuesday. C. daily except Wednesday. D. daily except Thursday. E. daily except Friday. F. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. G. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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Qu'Appelle, Nov. 25, 1886.

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MANAGER.

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## Home & Gossip.

### Little Local Links in the Town's Chain of History.

#### QU'APPELLE.

—Happy New Year.  
—HAPPY NEW YEAR.  
—HAPPY NEW YEAR.  
—Compliments of the season!  
—How many will swear off next Monday night?  
—Secure your calling cards at THE PROGRESS office.  
—The municipal candidates should have their election cards in THE PROGRESS.  
—The gentlemen should call on the ladies on New Year's day. You can get very neat and stylish cards at THE PROGRESS office.  
—The day before Christmas, Mr. C. E. Cullen sent 52 handsome and useful volumes of books, which form a splendid nucleus for a lending library. The books are all excellent, and Mr. Cullen deserves the thanks of the whole community. They formed a fine Christmas present.  
—Mr. John Grieve informs us that he will ring out the old year and ring in the new. He also desires to thank those who have contributed toward the sum he has received for regular daily bell ringing. We feel sure Mr. Grieve earns all he gets and more for that work. He has been faithful and regular and almost invariably on time.  
—Owing to annoying delays in the delivery of freight, the inattention of customs brokers, and the apparent carelessness of some railway employees whether consignees ever get their freight, we are unable to give our Christmas illustrated features, intended for last week or last, but we give New Year's matter in this issue. It, however, presents an interesting and desirable number. We have a number of extra copies which can be secured at this office. Price 5 cents.  
—Rev. Father Drummond's lecture, advertised for Wednesday evening, has been postponed till Monday, January the 7th, in the immigrant building, commencing at 20 o'clock. The subject is "The Unreasonableness of Unbelief," shown from arguments admitted by all Christians. This lecture has been delivered in Winnipeg, and the daily papers there have spoken very highly of the eloquence of the Rev. gentleman, and of the arguments brought forward. This lecture will be interesting alike to Roman Catholics and Protestants. Tickets 50c; proceeds for the benefit of the R. C. Church. Those who miss this lecture will miss a rare treat.  
—The Methodist Sunday School gave their annual Christmas tree and entertainments in the church on Christmas night. By the kindness of Mr. John Boden, of Touchwood, they were fortunate in securing a fine evergreen tree upon which to hang the presents. The tree was handsomely decorated with wax candles and ornaments, and being loaded down with presents made a pleasing sight. Rev. A. Andrews acted as chairman. The program comprised songs, recitations, etc., the whole being well rendered by the children of the school. There were also addresses by the pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. Mrs. Bullyea and Mrs. Marwood conducted the musical training of the children and Miss Bullyea directed the reciting. They all deserve the highest praise for the excellent manner in which the children acquitted themselves. Great credit is also due to Mrs. Wismer and others in making the preparations. The church was crowded to the door, the attendance of all ages being very large. The appearance of Santa Claus on the scene at the close of the program was the occasion of great excitement, and the jovial manner in which he addressed the gathering and directed the distribution of presents was the cause of much merriment. The whole affair was a most gratifying success, and will not soon be forgotten.

—Mr. H. Jagger is recovering from an attack of quinsy.

—Read our new story, "Colonel Quaritch," begins in this issue.

—Mr. C. A. Benner has on hand a lot of good butter which he is selling at market price at his meat shop.

—There is likely to be an election contest in Ward 1 of this municipality. Mr. Jas. H. Fraser was nominated at a meeting held at Edgeley post office on Monday last. He is likely to be opposed by Mr. John McKinnon.

—We are sorry to hear that Mr. C. E. Cullen spent his Christmas in bed laid up with an attack of the same malady which prostrated him for so many months last winter. We trust he will be able to be out again shortly to meet his numerous friends.

—The Conservative Association meets this afternoon at 14 o'clock, and a public meeting which will be held this (Friday) evening will be addressed by Hon. Senator Perley and Mr. G. S. Davidson, M. T. L. The meeting begins at 19.30.

—At the Leland. W. H. Crossbie, F. C. Gilchrist, Fort Qu'Appelle; Alex. Stansfield, J. Art, Prince Albert; G. R. Russell, A. L. Johnston, W. C. Sheldon, R. J. Douglas, Winnipeg; R. Johnston, Montreal; D. McFarlane, Grenfell; Dan. McLean, Indian Head; Inspector McPherson, John Morrison, A. G. Irvine, Dixie Watson, Justice Richardson, A. E. Forget, Regina; A. J. McNeil, Duck Lake; Father Claude, Calgary; M. A. Reiard, Okanagan Mission.

—On Monday night, (Christmas Eve) the Presbyterian Sunday School gave their annual entertainment in their church. They had previously fitted up a store front with shelves and hooks for presents, the inside being illuminated with a number of Chinese lanterns. The presents were very numerous, and the tasty manner in which the whole was arranged presented a handsome appearance. The program consisted of singing by the children, recitations, dialogues, etc., the whole being exceedingly well rendered under the direction of Mrs. J. F. Guerin, to whom great credit is due for their previous training. The church was crowded to the door with children and adults, and the proceeds were all that could be desired. The distribution at the close occupied a considerable length of time, and gave pleasure to all.

—We are glad to see that Mrs. Guerin, assisted by her husband and Mr. J. P. Jones, intends giving a dramatic entertainment, interspersed with musical recitals, on the 1st and 2nd January, 1889. All people are glad at this season of the year to have some entertainment provided for them, and a perusal of the bill will find that ample amusement will be forthcoming. The program will give Mrs. Guerin many opportunities to display her remarkable versatility, as the parts she will have to take are those of very different people. In "Our Bitterest Foe" we find her as a Mademoiselle, whose house has fallen into the hands of the Germans, her charms making a great impression on a German officer, whom, when wounded, she nurses. In "A Fit of the Blues," Mrs. Guerin appears as a cook, and, of course, as so many of this class are fitted with the Blues in the shape of a Policeman, who, not knowing the other cook had left, turns up for his supper, and fully proves how happy he can be with either when t'other dear charmer's away. The songs in this opera are very lively. The male characters, we are certain, will be well rendered by both Mr. Guerin and Mr. Jones, they being well fitted to the parts they have to sustain. Dry humour and comicality could not find a better delineator than Mr. Jones and he will in some of these pieces have numerous opportunities of displaying his powers. The recitals are all well-known pieces, but are new to the town of Qu'Appelle. With good weather and minds open for enjoyment at this festive season, we feel sure that the actress and actors will be welcomed by large audiences.

—Mr. J. B. Robinson is severely ill with a cold affecting his head.

—The tax collector has a notice in other columns warning all who are in arrears after Jan. 5th, that he will distrain. A word to the wise, etc.

—There will be watch night service in the Methodist church on Monday night—New Years eve, beginning at 22 o'clock.

—We have a very fine line of New Year's calling cards at THE PROGRESS office. Get your name printed on a packet for calling. They are sufficiently elegant to be worth keeping.

—Mr. R. Johnston arrived here on Tuesday with the finest carload of French Canadian mares that ever were imported into the Northwest. The animals all weigh over 1300 pounds, and will be sold cheap for cash or on good joint notes.

—The Christmas fancy goods at the Qu'Appelle Medical Hall are the finest ever brought into Qu'Appelle. There is a great variety to choose from, and the prices are low. The Christmas cards are the best and cheapest in town. Call and see.

—At the Queen's: W. S. Grant, Miss Grant, Assiniboine Reserve; Don. Mackay, Indian Head; B. Wallis, Medicine Hat; W. Benton, G. R. Phillips, D. H. Macdowall, M. P., and wife, Prince Albert; H. Keith, Touchwood; S. Sallie, Bridgetown; A. M. Stewart, H. C. Goldie, Jas. Shannon, S. Westwood, Fort Qu'Appelle; Rev. G. Lockhart, Winnipeg; W. Cluston, Lebreton; W. Rowe, Sinaluta; J. Edgar, Brandon; W. B. Broley, M. H. Broley, Wide Awake.

—The nominations in the various municipalities will take place on Monday next, and the poll where required a week later. In this municipality there is very little stir beyond what was reported last week. Mr. J. R. Brown says he is not a candidate and statements that have been made to that effect were without his authority. In the town ward, Messrs. T. T. Thompson and James McEwan are definitely in the field. Mr. Tees says he is going to run no matter what THE PROGRESS says. Seeing that he is bound to do so we give him full liberty to get elected to stay at home.

—After the moral and religious education of the family, we know of nothing that will confer a more lasting and permanent benefit than that most instructive and, at the same time, entertaining periodical, the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. It should be a visitor in every home, where its work will be found not to be idle. It is of special value to the machinist, the engineer and the mechanic, but it is of equal value to the farming and mercantile community, and to all who are of an inventive or ingenious turn of mind. It will be found invaluable to those, whether young or old, who are fond of using tools as a recreation. The subscription price is only \$1.00 for four months, or \$3.00 a year. The publishers are the old established house of Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.

#### THE CRADLE.

Struck.—At Abernethy, on the 15th inst., the wife of Mr. Conrad Stueck, of a daughter.

#### TAKE NOTICE

THAT AFTER the 5th January, the collector of the Municipality of South Qu'Appelle, will commence to distrain for TAXES remaining unpaid at that date.

"A word to the Wise is Sufficient."

JOSEPH C. STARR.

Collector.

Dec. 26, 1888.

#### LOST.

A DARK BAY BRONCHO, four years old, has a roan spot on the right side of his neck, branded on the left shoulder; left Qu'Appelle about the middle of November. Any person giving such information as will lead to his recovery will be rewarded.

FRANK LAFONTAINE.

Qu'Appelle, Dec. 27, 1888.

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Qu'Appelle Liberal Conservative Association will be held in McLane's Hall

On Friday, the 28th inst., at 3 o'clock, for general business. All members of the Association and friends of the party are respectfully invited to attend.

A. WEBSTER.

President.

# ARRIVED,

At Qu'Appelle, a carload of the finest

# French Mares

Ever brought into the Northwest.

They all weigh over 1300 pounds,

And will be sold cheap for cash or good joint notes. These mares were purchased in the vicinity of Montreal and are from superior stock. Look out for them.

R. JOHNSTON.

## CATCH ON

To the Finest Assortment of Christmas Goods ever brought into Qu'Appelle, at the Medical Hall. Prices right. Call & C.

## ARRIVED!

Direct from Eastern Manufacturers, One Carload of

Parlor Suites,  
Bed-room suites,  
Longes,  
Easy Chairs,  
Sideboards,  
Tables,  
Chairs of all sorts.

These Goods will be sold at the Lowest Cash price and we would request intending purchasers to give us a call.

We guarantee Goods and Prices to suit every one.

G. H. V. BULYEA.

Qu'Appelle, Dec. 12, 1888.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

NOW SELLING

AT VERY LOW FIGURES!

MY STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes,  
Clothing, Dry Goods.

HARDWARE,  
CROCKERY & GROCERIES

is still very complete. Please give us a call and see for yourself.

J. P. BEAUCHAMP,

QU'APPELLE, N. W. T.